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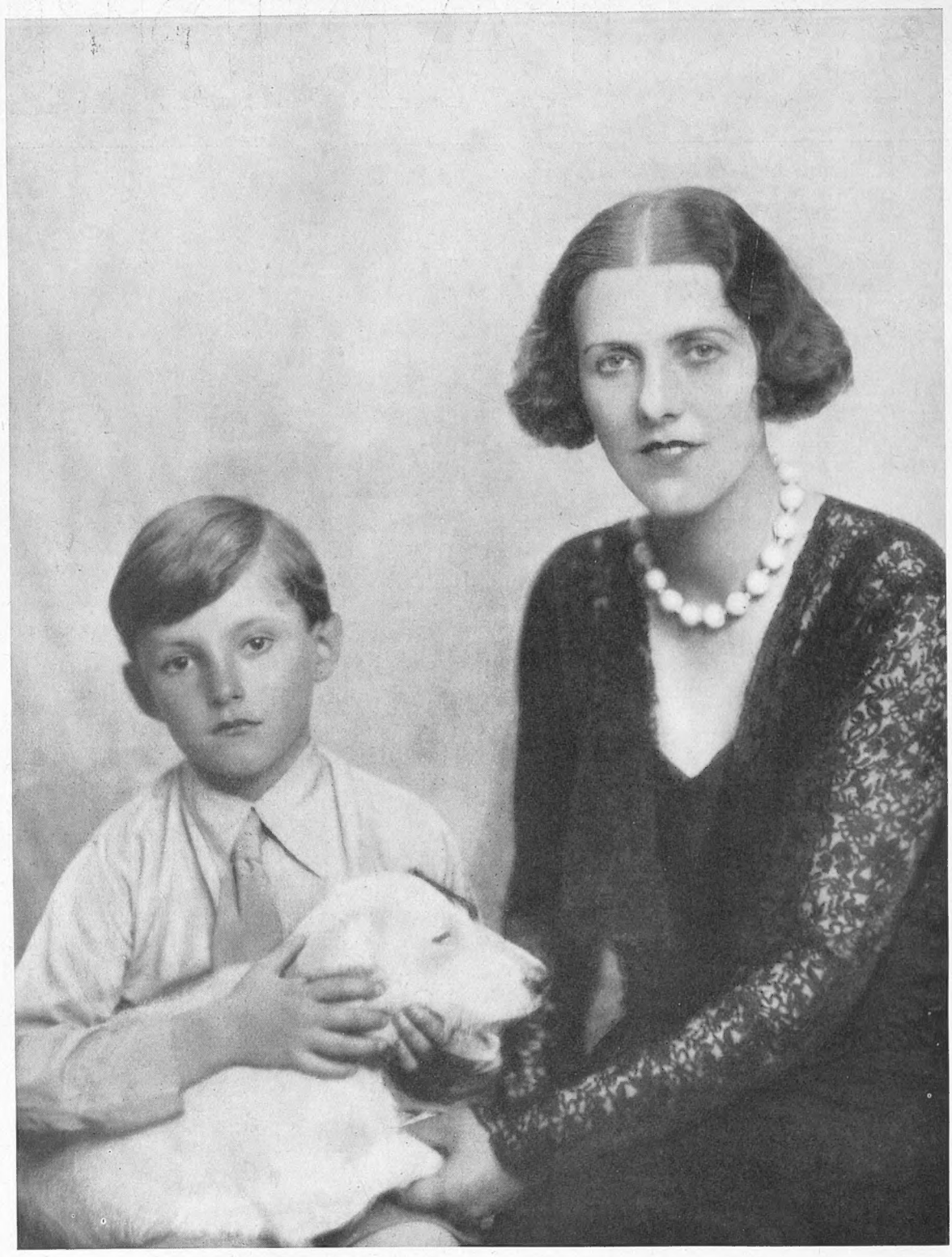
The Bystander, December 26, 1928 No. 1306. Vol. C.

The BYSTANDER

BY SUZANNE MEUNIER

A shady nook, some berries fine,
And every Miss'll toe the line



Peter North

IN OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

The Hon. Mrs. John Russell photographed with her little son Geoffrey and a friend with a very "doggy" look. The Hon. Mrs. Russell has achieved great success as a dress designer

A photograph taken at the coming-of-age celebrations of Lord FitzHarris, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, at Heron Court, Christchurch. The group includes the Earl of Malmesbury, Miss Gladys Lowther, Mr. Ian Campbell, Miss Pretyman, the Hon. Armyne Astley, Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, Lady Jane Egerton, the Countess of Malmesbury, Lord FitzHarris, the Hon. John Freemantle, Lady Elizabeth Freemantle, Mr. David Colville, Miss Gurdon and Lord Dundas

WHO - - WHEN & WHERE

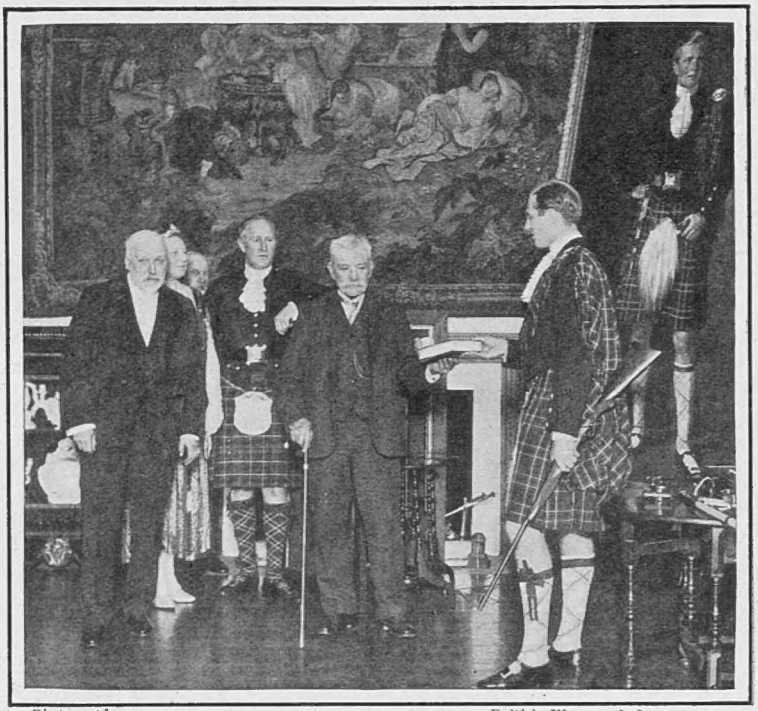
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Queen's Courage

THROUGHOUT the whole of the King's long illness nothing has appealed more deeply to the people than the Queen's courage and devotion to duty in fulfilling the promise she made several months ago to unveil the memorial on Tower Hill to the officers and men of the merchant navy and fishing fleets who lost their lives during the War. It is the only War Memorial Her Majesty has unveiled. When you remember that the Queen drove to Tower Hill and performed the ceremony with the knowledge that some time during that day or evening the King would undergo an operation—an added anxiety to all those she had undergone during three weeks—you can only appreciate her courage and her sacrifice the more.

At such a moment, when a husband's life is hanging in the balance, no social claims can be made upon the wife of the ordinary individual. If the Queen had delegated the unveiling of the memorial to another member of the Royal Family she would have had everybody's sympathy and understanding. But with the King and Queen the duties and responsibilities of their position have always come first. That is the code by which they have lived ever since their marriage thirty-five years ago. Personal troubles and griefs have never been allowed to affect the fulfilment of their public duties. Myself, I think it was superb of the Queen to go to that unveiling—the gesture of a very great lady, putting aside her own personal anguish, borne day after day for three weeks, to do honour to those twelve thousand men who had given their lives for England.

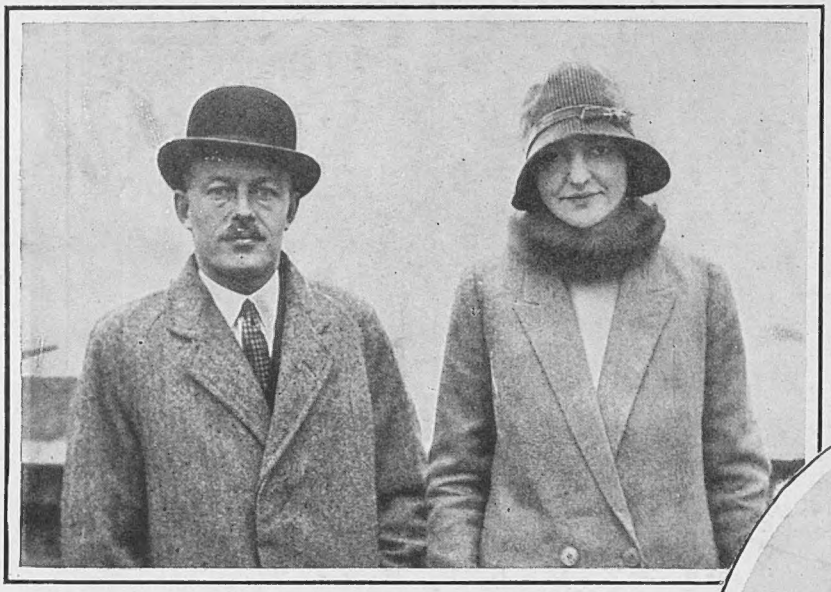
A wise old friend of mine once said to me, "Thoughts are *things*. We can all of us create good or evil by what we think." That's a deep problem, but my old friend's words flashed across my mind as I saw the Queen's motor pass through the thousands of people gathered



Photographs *British Illus. and Central News*

The Marquess of Graham, who recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday at Buchanan Castle, receiving a gift from Mr. Walter King, the oldest tenant. His parents, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, are seen in the background behind Dr. Mackinnon, who was Chairman of the Celebrations Committee

THE PRINCE'S RECORD JOURNEY



Quick Pictures

Mr. Geoffrey J. O. Bridgeman photographed with his fiancée, Miss Mary Talbot, only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Talbot. Mr. Bridgeman is the second son of the Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and of Dame Caroline Bridgeman

for the memorial ceremony. Ordinarily there would have been cheers, a rapturous welcome. There was absolute silence. And that silence meant the thoughts that were going out to the Queen. And the Queen understood, because she did a thing I have never seen her do before at a public ceremony—she waved her hand as her car passed through the several rows of people, the men bareheaded in the rain, many of the women waving a handkerchief.

As a matter of interest in history there has been, I think, no other instance of a Queen-Consort receiving such a magnificent tribute of affection from the anxious people.

The Prince's Journey

THE Prince of Wales certainly made history in his rush across Europe, and I hear that the Italian authorities are particularly gratified by the warmth of the messages of thanks they have received both from the Prince and the Government. It was a triumph in railway management that the Prince's train should have traversed the whole of Italy from one end to the other without the least hitch and in record time. And the same applies to Switzerland and France.

Fortune Founded on Carefulness

THE Earl of Eldon, who has gone to America with his mother, Viscountess Encombe, for the marriage at the end of this month of his brother, the Hon. Michael Scott, is one of the most eligible of our *partis*. His grandfather, whom he succeeded two years ago, left a fortune approaching a million pounds. This fortune was largely due to the first Countess of Eldon, the wife of the famous Lord Eldon who was Lord Chancellor for twenty-eight years at the beginning of the last century.

Planet News

The Infante Don Jaime of Spain photographed with the Countess of Altamira on a shooting expedition. This was held over the estate of the Count of Floriddablanca at Toledo, and they are seen wearing the national hunting skirt

When that Lord Eldon was a poor university student they ran away and got married. For some years they had a desperate struggle to make both ends meet. In that time Lady Eldon acquired habits of carefulness which never left her, and when wealth came through her husband's brilliant successes these developed into downright miserliness. One of her habits was to tear off unused sheets of letters she and the Lord Chancellor received and use them for her own letters. It was said she never bought any notepaper. And she always took the sugar-basin and the tea-caddy up to bed with her every night. Her husband, according to all accounts, had an uncomfortable time, but the result of her parsimony was that he left a bigger fortune than would have been the case if they had lived according to their rank and station.

Sport and General

Capt. J. J. Tunney, once known as Gene Tunney the boxer, who is a captain in the U.S. Marines, photographed at Portsmouth presenting on behalf of the U.S. Marines a silver trophy for Association Football to be played for among the British Royal Marines. He is seen here presenting the trophy to Lieut.-Gen. L. S. T. Halliday

The present Lord Eldon's father, Lord Encombe, died when he was a year old. His mother is a sister of Lord Lovat. The wedding for which they have gone to America will take place at Hamilton Farm, New Jersey, the home of Miss Ruth Brady, Mr. Michael Scott's bride.

The Devil and the Baby

SPEAKING of weddings leads one naturally to christenings. These are functions your Bystander rarely attends, but at one the other day I heard a superstition which was quite new to me. After the baby, arrayed in a gorgeous christening robe that had done duty for its grandfather, if not its great-grandfather, a Scottish lady sitting next to me whispered, "Oh, I do hope the baby will cry!" I asked why. "Because it means the devil will

THAT "LEAVING MONEY" QUESTION

Reading from left to right in this photograph are Commander and Mrs. Boynton, Miss K. M. Hood, Miss M. H Blackmore, Miss Trefusis, Mrs. Chevenix Trench and Lunch. The object of their excursion was that most exhilarating of all winter joys, ski-ing, and the venue Caux

have gone out of the baby before it has been christened." She told me afterwards this was a fixed belief in some parts of Scotland, and that a baby which is "good" at its christening rouses distinct uneasiness in the minds of some parents. I suppose this belief comes from the old Covenanter and Calvin days when it was a firm conviction that all human beings are "born in sin."

At this particular christening the baby in the gorgeous robe cried lustily before the ceremony began, and my neighbour leant back in the pew with a sigh of profound satisfaction.

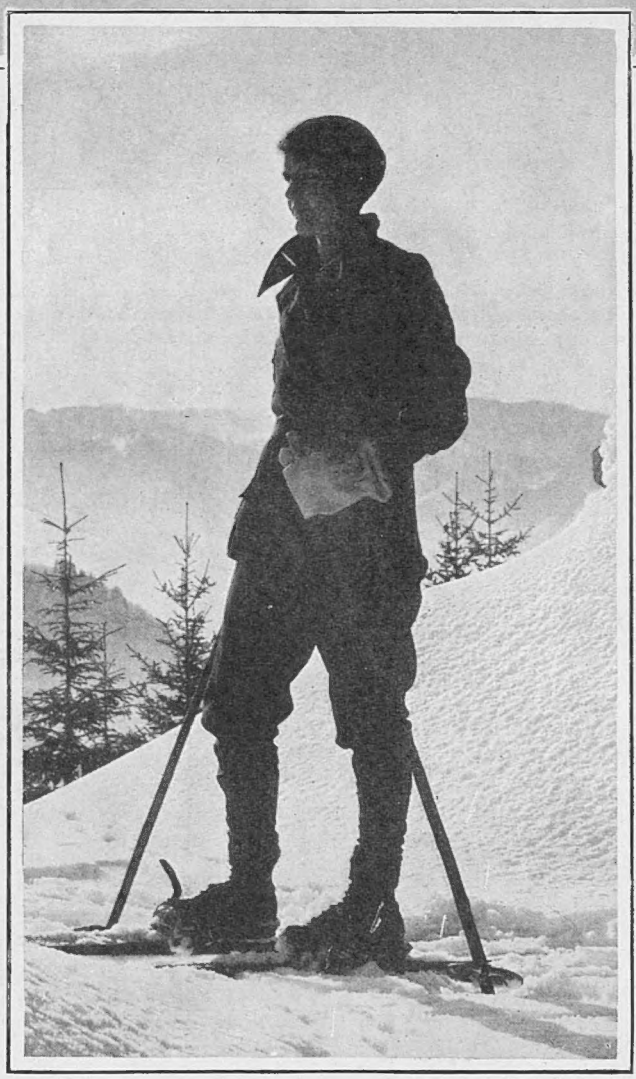
Peter Pan's Party

I AM asked to remind you that the annual Peter Pan's party will take place at Claridge's on January 3. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke will be the hostess, and Peter Pan, Wendy, Captain Hook, Smee, and the Pirates from *Peter Pan* will all be there. There is a dazzling list of prizes for the best fancy dresses, including a giant box of chocolates from Mrs. Gordon Moore, a beautiful doll from Lady Bruce-Porter, and a Wendy House cake.

Wills and Widows

TO me there is a strong element of injustice in a will which deprives a widow, or a widower, should he or she remarry, of part or the whole of an income left to them. Primarily I suppose the stipulation is founded on jealousy, and a dislike to the idea of the dead person's wife or husband enjoying their fortune with somebody else. But sometimes, and particularly in the case of widows, it is based upon knowledge of the bereaved one's character, and is a protection against fortune-hunters.

In one case I know personally the stipulation was made out of revenge, and the lady got little sympathy. For years she had bullied and harried a very wealthy husband. The meekness with which he endured his shrew surprised everybody. But when he died it was found he was not so meek as he had appeared to be. He left her everything he had, but she was to lose it all if she remarried.



Photograph *Central Press*

Miss K. M. Hood was one of the sensible—and lucky—people who decided to ski early and avoid the crush. She is seen looking out over the enticing slopes at Caux

CHECKING THE LEGION OF HONOUR

Topical

Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, the two little daughters of Lord and Lady Winchilsea, photographed at the recent meet of the Garth at Sherfield Manor, Basingstoke, Lord Winchilsea's residence

As she had married him for his money, and there was no possible doubt as to whom she wished to make her second husband, the re-revenge was complete. Without her husband's fortune she herself was penniless. The man she wanted to marry had only a small income. So there she has been, a widow ever since.

Wills and Religion

ON the subject of wills, that of the late Sir John Rees was most unusual. He himself had become a Roman Catholic shortly before his marriage to the sister of the late Lord Dormer, whose family is amongst the oldest and staunchest of Roman Catholics. But in his will he directed that if his heir, or any other person benefiting under the will, were Roman Catholics they should have nothing.

His son, Sir Richard Rees, who three years ago was Labour candidate for Gillingham, had to make a solemn attestation that he did not profess the Roman Catholic faith before he could succeed to what his father had left him.

The late Duke of Argyll, husband of Princess Louise, made the same stipulation regarding the succession to the property belonging to the dukedom.

P. and A.

Max Dearly, the well-known French actor and director of the Palais de la Mediterranée, photographed at the Reserve de Beaulieu. With him is the world-famous Mistinguett

Accidents

THE number of accidents every day in London must reach a startling figure when you consider that at Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End they have an average of seventy-five such cases every day. These figures were given by Sir Leonard Lyle, the chairman, at the twenty-fifth festival dinner of the hospital. He also told a large company that the attendances in the out-patients' department during last year were over a hundred and sixty thousand. No wonder this hospital, in which Queen Mary is particularly interested, and which serves a poor and crowded district, requires an income of £50,000 a year. Sir Leonard Lyle announced at the end of the dinner that £11,000 had been received in donations, so perhaps some of you would like to help the hospital and add to that amount.

The Legion of Honour

A SUGGESTION was made some little time ago that a list should be made from official records of the English people who have been decorated with the Legion of Honour. But on inquiry it was found that no list is published, and that it is only possible to see the records for the past ten or twenty years at the headquarters of the Legion in Paris. As hundreds of French people have the decoration, it would mean months of work going through the records, even for the past ten years, in order to compile a list of the English holders. So the idea—an interesting one—has had to be abandoned.

All Aboard for Madeira

HOW times change! It was not so many years ago that people went to Madeira in the winter only because they had threatened or actual lung trouble. Now they go off in their hundreds for Christmas for sea bathing. I have been told that the Blue Star steamer which left last week for that beautiful place in the Canaries hadn't even one vacant berth.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON AT MONTE CARLO

Central Press

An attractive photograph of the Vine field moving off after their recent meet at Beaurepaire. Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety and Mr. R. S. Gilbey are Joint-Masters of this famous Hunt

Lord and Lady Birkenhead, who have become devotees to Madeira at Christmas, were on board. I wonder if any father likewise on board, with a son at Oxford or Cambridge, had any criticism to make on our former Lord Chancellor on his statement in an article in a newspaper that a young man of character and ability is justified in living beyond his income as an investment with a view to future profit. In this article Lord Birkenhead expresses his gratitude to the Oxford tradesmen "for permitting me to live temporarily beyond my means. I left the University owing them several hundred pounds," he says. "Within three years I had paid off the debt, and some of the shops retain my custom to this day."

Surely this is a strange argument from a great lawyer and a former Lord Chancellor? Reduced to absolute terms it means that a young man who leaves the University owing his tradespeople "several hundred pounds" has been living on those tradespeople. Lord Birkenhead, we know, was a man of exceptional brilliance and ability from his Varsity days. Hundreds of fathers have been crippled in paying the debts incurred by their sons at Oxford and Cambridge—sons who, like Lord Birkenhead, took "advantage of the credit facilities offered by the local shopkeepers."

What about the young men who have neither "character and ability" and who run up bills they can't pay?

Central News

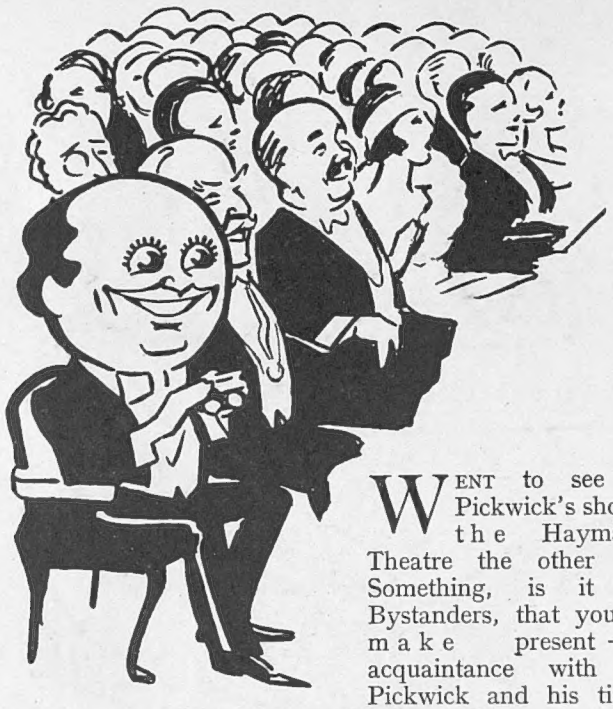
Mr. Ian R. Colman photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Victoria Helen Loder, after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mrs. Colman is the twin sister of Lady Strathcona. Mr. Colman is a director of J. and J. Colman Ltd., of Norwich

A Riviera Reopening

I HEAR that the reopening of the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs at Monte Carlo, after some excellent improvements had been carried out, was a most successful and enjoyable affair, and the presence of so many old friends proves that the holiday season will be brilliant. Although Monte Carlo is one of the world's most cosmopolitan resorts, it has a notable colony of well-known British and American residents, so that on any festive occasion there is a sort of family-party atmosphere—and festive occasions are plentiful enough in a place like Monte Carlo, which prides itself on its gaiety.

At Monte Carlo

AMONG the many *habitués* already there are Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, Sir William and Lady Yarworth Jones, General Sir Herbert and Lady Mansfield, Lady de Bathe—looking quite recovered from her recent illness—Major and Mrs. Percy Chapman, Admiral and Mrs. Niblack—who had a very cheery party on American lines to celebrate their silver wedding day—Mrs. Norman Craig, Colonel and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, Princess Bamba Sutherland (a daughter of the late Prince Dhuleep Singh), Lady Spearman, General the Hon. Sir William and Lady Lambton, Lady Tennant, and Admiral Sir Sydney and Lady Eardley-Wilmot. Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard, who has not been at all well lately, has come to the Riviera for a rest, and will soon be joined by her husband.



Mr. Pickwick

By Kim

Went to see Mr. Pickwick's show at the Haymarket Theatre the other day. Something, is it not, Bystanders, that you can make present-day acquaintance with Mr. Pickwick and his times? That you may see them move, talk, and recall famous situations known to you, your fathers and grandfathers, for a hundred years?

Indeed, it says much that we could sit and watch them across the footlights without feeling any qualms. Mr. Charles Laughton and all his merry company laugh their way through acts and scenes without in the slightest degree outraging our cherished knowledge of the immortal Pickwickians as depicted in the inimitable drawings of Cruickshank. . . . There was our dear old friend Mr. Pickwick true to the very life; a rotund, florid, somewhat bald old boy, beaming benevolently upon a world where vice flourished much as it does to-day and a thousand years ago; an amiable old fellow, fooled by anybody who wanted, occasionally given to fits of outspoken indignation when his little band of admirers made extra fools of themselves.

So Cosmo Hamilton and Frank Reilly, the authors, are sincerely to be congratulated, even if they had to telescope certain scenes. Is it not enough that Mr. Pickwick drives into the courtyard of the White Hart Inn and has trouble with the jarvey, from whose indignation he is rescued by Mr. Jingle? Mr. Charles Laughton's impersonation of Mr. Pickwick was fully up to his marvellous *flair* for character acting. He radiates goodwill. Mr. George Curzon as Alfred Jingle scored heavily, and Mr. Harold Scott's depiction of that prize idiot, Nathaniel Winkle, left nothing to be desired either in acting or make-up.

In the Trial Scene the Judge of Mr. J. D. Williams was perfectly delightful, but I fear it was a somewhat contemptuous-of-Court caricature of Mr. Justice D . . . . . g. Mr. Bruce Winston's Serjeant Buzfuz was exactly like the forensic counsel of that day—an age, at any rate, when silk earned its fees by appearing in Court, which is more than can often be said of to-day. Mr. Aubrey Hammond's scenic effects and Mr. Norman O'Neill's musical compositions add to the charm of a fine healthy show which everyone will want to see.

Sir Henry Dickens, the City Recorder, was present at the first night performance, and was understood to be mildly satisfied with the scenic representation of his father's classic work. That is magnificent! It is marvellous! For you will observe (as persons of discrimination) that Victorians seem to be unusually touchy about their progenitors' reputations—like Sir Henry Dickens himself, for example, quite recently, and Lord Gladstone, who is so angry with Mr. Buckle about his father's exact political regard in the eyes of Queen Victoria. Do these things matter so terribly? Some of us think that most of the Victorian reputations were hopelessly over-rated, and that with the exception of Disraeli in politics, Tennyson in poetry, and Rossetti in art, a very low level of mediocrity was the rule during the century of crude materialism, solid furniture, and antimacassars.

In their day London and the provinces rejoiced in thousands of the type of Pickwick, Snodgrass, Winkle, Tupman, Sam Weller, Wardle, and the rest, who were not grossly overdrawn. Dickens represented his age with unerring fidelity, and hence he lives. It was not a Highbrow Age. The middle classes were just emerging, owing to the development of commerce, from the ranks of peasantry. The middle classes were narrow, ignorant, priggish, with a vast great yearn to be respectable. . . . The Golden Age, in fact, of Jix and the Jix type.

And let me here, ladies and gentlemen, introduce to you the other Mr. Pickwick to be seen at Westminster. The *rôle* of Pickwick is played by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, supported by Jix, who combines the part of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins with that of Mr. Dodson, of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Mr. Winston Churchill is eloquently silent in the part of the Fat Boy. It is a pity that the part of Jingle, for which the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, K.C.S.I., P.C.—titles as given in our contemporary *Britannia*—is so eminently fitted, is no longer acceptable to that nobleman, who has left the Westminster Theatre to fulfil other big contracts. It will make a lot of difference in the box-office receipts, for the studied insolence and gay *insouciance* of Lord Birkenhead were always popular. In fact, with a somewhat heavy and dull company, it is difficult to see how the Westminster Mr. Pickwick will pay its way much longer.

Stiggins keeps busy. Jix in the *rôle* aspires to make us all virtuous with his own virtue. In his great scene, where he successfully puts down what he terms "immoral and disgusting behaviour" in Hyde Park, he shows the triumphal result of rendering that once favoured and famous resort into a fruitful zone of blackmail and false charges. Then there is his purification scene, where he pronounces himself the Censor of Literature, the standard being the test of the nursery. It is edifying when he decides that writings of an "immoral" or "disgusting" nature must be decided by the policeman, and hurls aside the suggestion that æsthetic tastes are scarcely within the province of the Byng Boys. But Jix rises to greatest heights when he drives vice underground. Avaunt, ye Night Clubs, where men and women dance—shame!—after midnight! He proclaims in eloquent language that all things are possible to a policeman, and that his great principle in life is to make all men virtuous by keeping vice out of their sight.

But I am afraid that, despite the nobleness of Jix, he is not helping Mr. Pickwick. There is a rumour that rotten eggs and stale vegetables are being collected

AND THE P.M.

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

to throw at this actor. The younger people who have no use for cant and hypocrisy are refusing to support Pickwick if Jix is allowed out on the rampage.

S

THE *rôle* of Mr. Pickwick is naturally sustained by Mr. Stanley Baldwin. He looks and acts the part of the genial old bore to perfection, while his followers are the same, only more so. Just in the same way as Pickwick is resolute in refusing to obey the judgment of the Court in the matter of Mrs. Bardell, so does our Westminster Pickwick refuse to carry through the jobs for which he was given a great majority. He runs away from the demands for Safeguarding, and he has left the House of Lords just as he found it. He has swamped the country with Flappers' Votes, but without any safeguard to the ill-effects whatsoever. Mr. Pickwick keeps on running away from these jobs, and his performance cannot be regarded as either heroic or sensible.

S

INDEED, I fear the Pickwickian lease of Westminster is not likely to continue after June next. It is not because rival attractions are very good, but because Mr. Pickwick is so bad. The MacDonald show of acrobats in their contortionist act is not very original, and the Lloyd George exhibition of midget minorities and political mangel-wurzels does not even attract the land-workers. But . . . even they are a change.

S

MR. PICKWICK'S scene, in which he attempts to explain why, with an almost record majority, he has funked carrying out the jobs he was put there to do, no longer receives any laughs. His reputation for honesty and sincerity is scarcely worth a row of paid seats in the gallery, for the part the public wanted to see him in was to save the country from wild Parliamentary procedure by a strong Senate or revising chamber; and also in a full Safeguarding policy, as a means of bringing prosperity. He fails us in these parts and pretty badly. . . . Many will prefer the MacDonald acrobats.

S

THE Dickens Age of a hundred years ago was one of pronounced snobbishness, humbug, pose, cant, and lack of boldness. I am afraid that a hundred years has not removed entirely these qualities, despite the heroic efforts by Jix. A hundred years ago Pickwick could be raised to loud indignation by the intrigues of Mrs. Bardell or the financial operations of an Alfred Jingle. Our present Westminster Mr. Pickwick's play seems to stop where he snores in the boroughs (in place of the barrow occupied by Mr. Pickwick), and whilst he is boring his audience the new advance agent of the MacDonald Company, Lord Rothermere, is getting busy.

S

IN short, unless Conservatives insist upon Mr. Pickwick waking up and getting busy I fear the show will go west. That will be fatal for business and prosperity.

A RUGGER REVERIE

Central News

A Probable being tackled after receiving the ball from C. D. Aarvold, the brilliant Cambridge centre, with R. Cove-Smith, last season's England Captain, coming up in the rear. The Probables were beaten by 19 points to 16

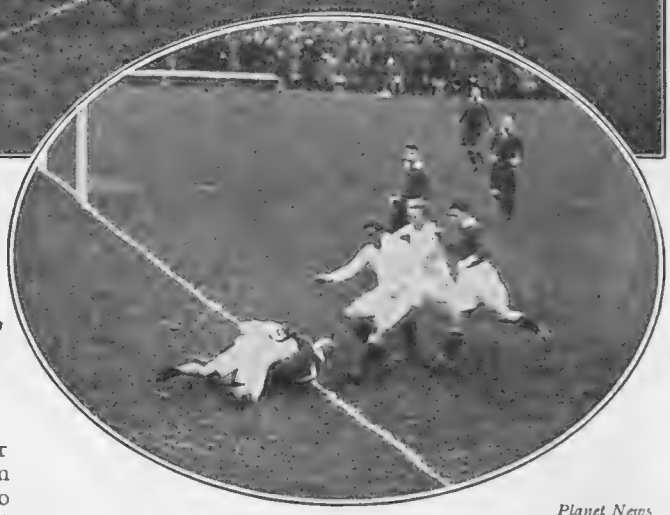
PROBABLY NOT!

By PENDARVES

BUT why must we go all the way to Land's End—or very nearly—to see a "probable" English team played about with by a second best side? No Rugger man in his wildest moments of Saturday night insobriety would say that the selectors are anything but all-wise in what they do (he would rather deny the solidity of the British Constitution); but why Camborne? Exeter one could understand, because it is only right and proper that the West Country should see our stars and play some of theirs: Plymouth, even, if they *must* go so far south-west; but Ca—however, there it is. And who are we to conjecture as to the tortuous mechanism of the selective mind.

GREAT Scot! they have got something to think about, too. For that game in Cornwall, on a finger-numbing, slithery Saturday afternoon, did not show us an English side at all. It merely showed her weaknesses, and those in the most glaring light. Not exactly the sort of thing one wants to travel 292 miles in bitter weather to watch. True, 8,000 Cornish folk were afforded great amusement round the touchlines; the principal jests being the monotonous manner in which the Possible Wallace (all the way down from Northumberland!) continued to grass the Probable Jacob, to the end that he became entirely inept. And the Puck-like antics of Arthur Young, creeping away from the totally blind side of scrums. But the amusement of Cornwall was not exactly the incentive of the arduous journey. I suggest that the Scottish Union takes its victims to John o' Groat's for their next hard Trial. Then it will be fair for both sides . . .

NO, but seriously, chaps, it was a bad show. The Possibles should not have been allowed to dominate the game for unpleasantly lengthy periods the way they did. Had the Probables been England, and the date the 19th of January, and the opponents Wales—well, I hardly like to think about it. The main reason of mediocrity lay with our forwards. They lacked life, cohesive dash, venom. They were deplorably slow in heeling, with the result that Young could *not* get going. He danced about on the edge of things praying out loud for the ball, which he nearly always got too late. There were brilliant individualists in that Probable pack, but there was no straight-eight unity. With the result that our attacking threequarters moved up to the business too late. We want Wakefield!



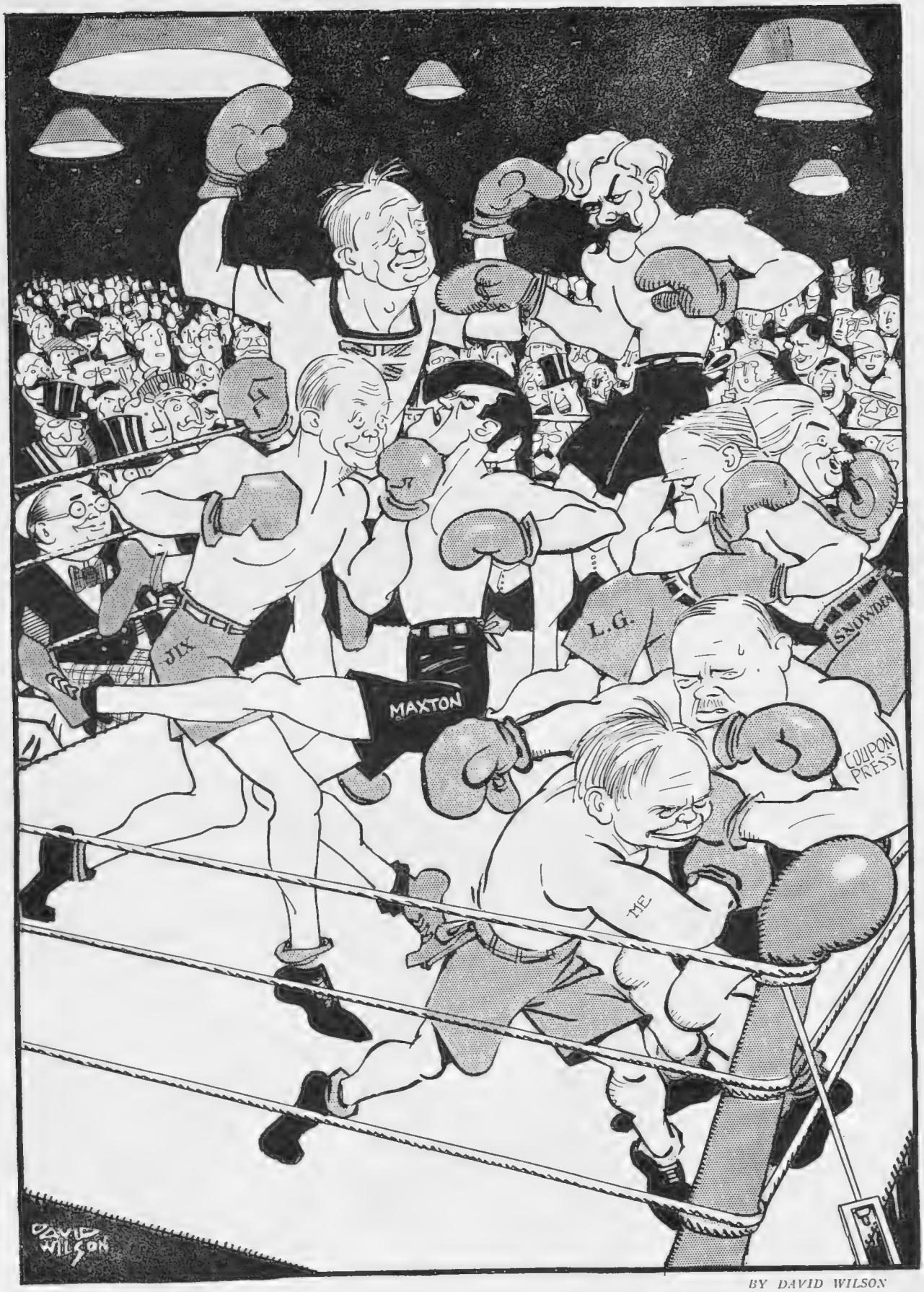
Planet News

A "hold up" on the line during the Rugby trial between the Probables and Possibles at Camborne. The Possibles thoroughly deserved their somewhat surprising victory, as they outplayed the Probables at forward

AND we had other doubtful links. One of the men the Probables needed badly was playing hell on the other side—Laird. That game showed more clearly than anything we have seen this year so far that H. C. Laird is the stand-off half to turn out for England. H. Whitley, of Northumberland (another South Pole explorer!), is a good scrum half. He is the sort of man who would never let the side down. Laird has the brains, the physique, the balance on his feet and the THRUST. He does not look for openings. He makes them.

IN our threequarter line, Aarvold and Smeddle, the Cambridge pair, are in a class by themselves. Aarvold is vital to this year's England side, and Smeddle is his best partner; they work as one. The other centre selected for the next trial is Buckingham, of Leicester—and we all know how reliable he is on the Big Day. As to the other wing; there was nothing *wrong* with Jacob. But whenever the poor man did get the ball he was bored into touch and had no chance. This primarily because our threequarter line as a whole developed the dangerous practice of advancing across the ground instead of up it—fatal with a tackler like Wallace waiting on the wing. And so F. M. Heywood, of Cambridge, has replaced Jacob.

WE have a safe if not a brilliant full-back in T. W. Brown, who succeeded Sellar last season. Clayton-Greene, the Possible, has, I am afraid, written himself off for the present. He had the least work to do of the two, and he did it less well. J. A. Adamson, the Oxford back, is playing for the Rest on January 5. He has a great sense of position, kicks well, and is as cool as a cucumber; but I saw him make an almighty miss of Aarvold in the Varsity match, which resulted in a try. Enough said! The man I should have liked to see at Twickenham on the 5th, opposite Brown, is J. C. Hubbard, of the Harlequins. His kicking is magnificent just now; one seldom sees him miss a tackle.



BY DAVID WILSON

"BOXING DAY"!—THE "MÊLÉE"!

DIANAS OF THE CHASE

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Topical

A picturesque photograph of the recent meet of the Worcester Beagles at Selsdon Park. The Worcester pack is here seen moving off after the meet under very Christmasy conditions. They had a good run in spite of some fog

Another Change

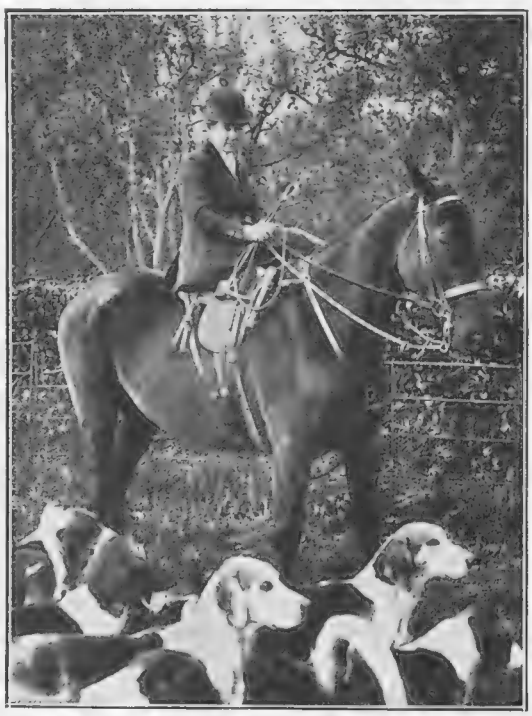
CHANGES are impending in the North Staffordshire country, as, according to latest news, this will be the last season of Mr. James Cadman and Mr. F. R. Haggie in the Joint-Mastership. It is curious to observe that when a long and successful Mastership comes to an end the average hunting country often undergoes frequent changes of control. The North Staffordshire people were fortunate in that they enjoyed the services of Col. W. W. Dobson for twenty-one seasons in all. He was an M.F.H. who was just as popular among the farmers as he was among the members of the Hunt. The present Joint-Mastership has lasted only a couple of seasons. The country covers a wide area, and consists chiefly of grass. While wire troubles are not unknown, most of the obstruction is removed during the season, and that which remains up is adequately marked.

A Lady Hunt Secretary

THIS Hunt, indeed, can be given the credit of being well run, a noteworthy fact considering that it had a woman for its honorary secretary for a number of seasons and now has another in the person of Miss Knight, of The Mount, Eccleshall. To this lady you should address your application in the first place if you aspire to the Mastership of the pack, which, thanks to the generosity of the late Duke of Sutherland and Col. Dobson, is the property of the country. Nobody who goes hunting regularly or lives in a hunting country will need to be reminded of the responsibilities which attach to the duties of Hunt Secretary. The settlement of claims and the general organisation of the Hunt rest largely on that official. He has a good deal of hard work to get through both in and out of the season, and the smooth working of Hunt affairs depends to a great extent on his efficiency and tact.

Busy Sportswomen

IT is a sign of the times that these duties are being admirably carried out by women in many countries besides the North Staffordshire. In Yorkshire Mrs. J. Morgan, of Carleton, Pontefract, has done a lot of excellent secretarial work on behalf of the members of the Badsworth. In the Isle of Wight Mrs. Jolliffe, of West Standen, Newport, has shown herself to be a most businesslike Hunt secretary. In the South Durham country, of which Lord Southampton is the Master, Miss M. Ord, of Sands Hall, Sedgefield, has carried out the secretarial work for about nine seasons and could hardly be improved on in that position. Her father, the late Mr. Richard Ord, performed the same duties for many years after having been Master of the pack. Other women Hunt secretaries doing valuable work this season include Miss D. Evans in the Penylan country, Mrs. Godfrey in the Lamerton, Mrs. Goodson in the College Valley, Miss F. Pitt in the Wheatland, and Mrs. L. Reid in the Wylye Valley.



Sport and General

Miss Guest, who is Master and Huntsman of her own pack. Miss Guest's hounds were started in 1913 as a private pack. The kennels are at Inwood

Fair M.F.H.s

THERE are, of course, a number of lady Masters, to whom I have made previous reference. Miss Guest, of Inwood, Templecombe, goes on as keenly as ever with the private pack which she has hunted for some time past by arrangement with the Blackmore Vale Hunt, of which her father, the late Mr. Merthyr Guest, was a notable Master. Earlier in the season there was an interesting joint meet of Miss Guest's pack and the South and West Wilts Hounds. When the combined packs pulled down their fox you may be sure that the lady M.F.H. received the honours of the run. Among others are the Hon. Eileen Berry in South Wales, Mrs. A. G. Pape in Devonshire, Mrs. Adam Scott in Northumberland, Mrs. S. O. Taylor in South Notts, Miss Lloyd Thomas in Monmouthshire and Lady Yarrow in Wiltshire.

Well-known People as the Sculptor Sees Them

VISCOUNTESS CURZON

ERNEST THESIGER

LADY CARISBROOKE

MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

ABOVE are seen some striking examples of the work of the well-known sculptor, Sava Botzaris, who is to hold an exhibition at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, which opens on January 16, 1929. The bold treatment of his subjects is certain to excite considerable interest when the exhibition opens

LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

"DIVERSION"

AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK they should have called this play "Perversion," since it is the story of a young man of obviously morbid sexuality. We are familiar with the villain of old melodramas who "must and will possess her"; but here there is no glamour of romance about the pursuit of the desired one. The play never rises above the ethics of the lupanar, while much of it is typical of the attitude of the Parisian Apache towards his "Môme." It must be admitted, however, that the play is largely redeemed from its sordid character by the magnificent acting of Mr. Maurice Evans, a gentleman whose name is new to me, but who is clearly destined to go far in his profession.

MR. EVANS is Wyn Hayward, the favourite son of Sir Charles Hayward, a leading physician in Harley Street. He is a law student living at home, with a liberal paternal allowance, which, no doubt, is an easy matter for Sir Charles's finances, especially if he is one of the great specialists who shake hands with you and say you had better come again next month, and the fee is three guineas down. While the rest of the family are out of the room a call is heard on the telephone. Wyn answers it, and is delighted to hear the voice of Rayetta Muir, a prominent actress (Miss Cathleen Nesbitt), who is also notorious as a lady of very easy virtue indeed. Wyn begs that she will take tea with the family, and Rayetta comes along, and in due course is introduced to them all, including Wyn's sister—an outrage characteristic of the very informal times in which we live.

THEN we are informed that Wyn met Rayetta in Italy while they were both holidaying in the Sunny South, and shared her room at the hotel. It is generally understood that in the rich, enervating warmth of the skies of Tuscany monastic asceticism is not to be expected of the young and vigorous, but we should hardly have expected the offender to want to renew the lady's acquaintance under his father's roof in the rarefied austerity of Harley Street. After Rayetta has talked a good deal of her stage triumphs she takes her leave, and father and son have a heart-to-heart talk on her account. Sir Charles is a man of the world, as is only natural in one who specialises in the removal of ladies' appendices. Wyn freely admits his former intimacy with the alluring actress, but insists that she could never have any enduring attraction for him. Sir Charles listens, and protests that he is not such a fool as his son imagines him to be. But then young people always think old people are fools, and the tragedy of it is that they are often not very far wrong.

BUT a month or two later Wyn is at Rayetta's flat in Mayfair, clearly under the spell of her seductive wiles. She strokes his hair and addresses him as "darling" with all the purring music of the feminine feline. During the interview a letter arrives which proves to be a solicitor's bill for a considerable amount. In his eagerness to win her favours Wyn takes the bill from her and promises to pay it, and then he clasps her in his arms and pleads for a repetition of that matchless night on a southern shore. But Rayetta is an expert at playing her fish, and she will not hear of a renewal of that casual adventure. Then Wyn, who is clearly overwrought, accuses her of being another man's mistress, and he darts out of her presence on the understanding, given and taken, that he will never set foot in the flat again.

WYN goes back home, and, remembering the lawyer's bill in his pocket, asks his father for his monthly allowance in advance. Sir Charles readily assents, but when he comes back with the desired cheque he finds Wyn at the telephone making an agonised appeal to Rayetta to forgive him and to receive him again. Sir Charles at once sees that the young man has got the old complaint badly, and reasons with him as to the folly of it all. But he reasons in vain. He speaks only as a man of the world, and not as the learned Doctor of Medicine he is alleged to be. He can apparently do nothing to cure this merely animal access of passion in his beloved son, whereas any old-fashioned mother would probably have gone to the family medicine chest and given the lad a homely sedative that would at least have had the effect of curing his ardour for the moment.

THE Third Act brings the great scene along. In spite of his permanent dismissal, Wyn creeps back to Rayetta's flat. He has just been ploughed in his Law examination, and he feels reckless. Rayetta receives him with the usual mock-

Stage Photo Co.

Wyn Hayward (Maurice Evans) turns to his old flame, Rayetta Muir (Cathleen Nesbitt), for sympathy He is seen above receiving it in some measure at the latter's flat

sincerity of her class, and even fondles him in her capricious mood. He kisses her greedily, and begs with slobbering tears to be allowed to stay the night with her. There is here no question of sentiment or romance. The law of the jungle is in full operation. For the moment Rayetta seems to be yielding to his appeal, and then she is called to the telephone, and comes back to say that he had better go away now as she is expecting guests. Wyn then becomes the untamed animal completely. He raves at her, and goes so far as to call her the one name that ladies of her class resent so keenly, especially when it appears to express the plain, lamentable truth.

THEN comes the climax. Wyn takes the unhappy woman in his arms, and as she tries to beat him off he grips her fair throat and squeezes her little life right out. This is, of course, a very improper way to treat a lady, and incidentally I should doubt the possibility of such a feat in the case of a very knowing lady of Rayetta's wide experience of the world. Still the climax serves its dramatic purpose, and let us hope that the flappers who seem to be flocking to this exciting show do not know any better. Wyn is surprised, even to copious tears, to find that Rayetta does not respond to his appeal to her to look at him, but it often happens that when people have been strangled to death they stay dead.

IN due course Wyn drifts back to his father's house and confesses his crime. Already he feels the rope about his neck, and there is no way of escape except that of anticipating the common hangman. While he is still in a state of collapse as the result of his crime his brother and sister come into the room, and we hear that his sister has just become engaged to be married. Wyn is clearly not a young man who considers his family when pursuing his distinctly violent *amours*. As soon as father and son are left alone again Sir Charles slips a phial of certain and easy death into his son's hand, and then totters over to the sofa in a swoon. It is understood that Wyn is not to take the poison in the house, a detail which reminds one of the famous rat killer which claimed that rats taking the poison do not die on the premises but always go next door to breathe their last. *Diversion* is not a pleasant play, but it seems to have its supporters among students of what is known to-day as sex-appeal.

JINGLE.

Raphael

The Eight Tiller Girls whose dancing in "That's a Good Girl" is one of the brightest features of the Hippodrome show. Their team work is splendid

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"See that the New York papers made a set at Lord Inverclyde when he arrived?"

"Yes; what's their game?"

"It looks like a case of game, set, love—match to me."

"My dear Carlton, for goodness' sake don't be so je-june. Still, I'll admit that the Lido's a wonderful place."

"However, some people prefer the air of Londonderry."

"Why Londonderry, of all places?"

"Because you certainly get a breeze there."

"But only a very gentle one."

"I'm glad the Cunarder survived the recent storm."

"Was she bound for the Emerald Isle, too?"

"I believe so. The orchestra were so upset that the way they played 'Come into the Garden, Maud' sounded positively metallic."

"I see that I shall have to keep you in order! Monte has had its inevitable pre-Christmas run on the bank."

"Yes, I saw that one or two papers had been shouting about an American's £30,000 win in the *Salon Privée*."

"They said the bank was broken seven times."

"H'm! The favourite song of some Riviera correspondents seems to be 'Ye Banks and Brays,' doesn't it?"

"Is it true that they are going to introduce a Riviera number into 'Lucky Girl' when it goes to the Pavilion?"

"Haven't heard so, but they are doing well enough to afford it."

"Well, £800 a week for rental isn't exactly a nominal figure."

"Then let's hope it has a smooth passage, Ritz."

"For goodness' sake learn to be less nautical. You mean a level crossing, Carlton."

"I am reproved. But have compassion and tell me who is the leading lady whose favourite song is 'Eat More Fruit'?"

"I can't say, but if she practises what she sings she will keep hale and hearty."

"Very bright to-day, aren't we? His Grace Bend Or gave the poor kiddies a fine treat when he sent them to the Children's Theatre in Endell Street, didn't he?"

"By Jove! yes. It's wonderful how successful that theatre is."

"They get away with it without any big effects or expensive dressing, too."

"No gowns by Chanel, what?"

"Now, now, Ritz, decorum, I beg."

"You misjudge me, Carlton."

"Well, we'll overlook it this time. Have you bought your new car yet?"

"Yes, I have, and I'm going to break it in on the Hog's Back to-morrow morning."

"Well, *do* be careful. Remember that Lord Cecil is out to break the Road Hog's back, so no speeding, mind."

"Ah! An upright nobleman. But this time he stoops to conk 'er."

"Who do you mean by 'er'?"

"Why, the err-ing motorist, of course."

"*What* a pun!"

"Well, let me take you with me as a sign of repentance."

"No *thank* you, Jehu! Suppose you went to the Riviera for a holiday as you threatened?"

"Yes, I went to Nice. Where did you go?"

"Couldn't afford Ni(e)ce so I went to 'uncle'."

"Be your age! Anyway, it made the second time you've been elected to Pop."

"You shouldn't say that I was elected to Pop. You should say that I elected to 'pop.'"

"Well, I must pop off now—sorry, I mean fly off."

"You always *were* flighty. Then *au revoir*."

"Good-bye, Ritz. And do turn over a new leaf in the New Year."

"What's the use? Leaves always fall in winter—and I'm like leaves!"

BY STARR WOOD

"It'th a nithe 'at, Miriam, but eighteen penth! Vot a prithe!"
"'Ave it if you like it, Tholly, ma tear. Don't be tho Scotch!"

By Treyer Evans

Old Lady: "I never *could* understand the Epstein Theory of Relativity"

if... gossip

Christmas calling, boys and girls. So let us tell a tale of light romance to brighten these days of dark, stark realism. It was a gloomy day, a day that could not make up its mind whether to fog or not. The West Coast express panted impatiently to be off to Devonshire cream and cider, and the only bright gleam under Paddington's glass roof was the sight of an orange. Suddenly, in the midst of the holiday scramble, one foot on the platform and the other on his carriage, we came across a familiar figure.

"Hello!" we said, "and where to?"

"Down to the sea for a she," he replied; but we made no pretence to understand that. "There's a blonde on a boat for whom I have a bouquet. That is to say, there's a ship calling at Plymouth from America, and a girl called —but never mind; anyway, I have a little Christmas present."

"Saying it with flowers certainly is safer than putting it in writing."

A green flag waved and a whistle blew.

"Give her our love," we said.

"Come and give it yourself," he retorted, and before you could say "Baldwin," or take any other protection, the train began to move, and we found ourselves going great guns, or, rather, Great Western, away from our little London.

Passing Newbury and the racecourse, where the 28th will see us handing auntie's Christmas cheque over to the bookmakers unless Lord Carnarvon whispers another winner, Hughie, our friend, who was once almost an Admiral, stopped us falling to sleep by starting a story of his battleship days. The ship was coaling, and he and two other "snotties" went ashore to visit a coal mine. On the way back they met three fellow-midshipmen who had been playing golf. "Take our clubs back to the ship," they cried; "we want to finish the evening elsewhere." So the homeward three obliged, and when they came on board with the golf bags about their shoulders they met the Captain.

"Ah, my boys, been playing golf?"

"No, sir; we've been down a coal mine."

"And, d'you know, he put us all under arrest for impertinence!"

Sailors were everywhere in Plymouth. We felt we hadn't seen a sailor outside the Chelsea Arts Club Ball for years. But they led us astray. Neither of us had seen Plymouth by day, and we are told we have missed a lot; we certainly

Sasha

A recent photograph of that popular musical comedy star Miss Winnie Melville. She is playing lead in Russell Sankey's new musical play which opens at Southampton on December 22

missed our way, and almost missed the tender, for when we asked for the docks the sailors sent us to Devonport, which was all wrong. However, we found our way at last.

The tender hove to (keep it nautical!), and the next minute we were in France, or, rather, in a French ship, with a tumult of American and Parisian reverberating around. We left our little friend to his own devices. We

we must . .

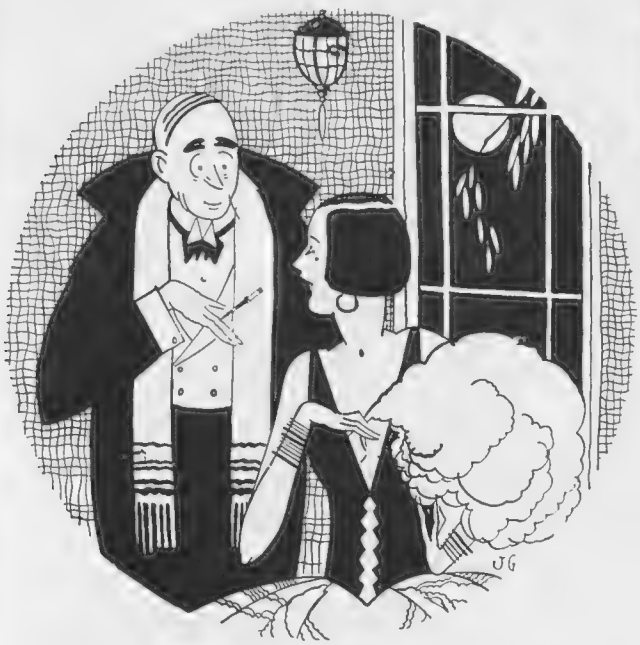
didn't want to overcrowd his bouquet scene. So we went to pass the time of day, or, rather night, with René Lacoste. He had not enjoyed his trip from New York at all. He came on board a semi-invalid, and had not recovered; indeed, we were the first to see him out of his cabin, but he told us he hoped to be well enough to play on the Riviera within the next few weeks. But tennis rackets were not the only ones we saw. The American squash rackets team were hurrying to disembark and acclimatise themselves for their first matches, which were, and continue to be, conspicuously successful.

S

And there in the lounge was Charles Levine, and nearby a blaze of diamonds. After we grew accustomed to the glare, we saw it was Mabel Boll, who has so often tried to fly the Atlantic, diamonds and all. Mabel Boll, by the way, has taken Anita Loos's advice. At the time of going to press she is a blonde. Just before the tender's siren summoned us away we ran into Miss Anne Morgan, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's daughter. The last time we met her they were saying she was engaged to the Prince of Monaco, but that little romance was denied.

S

We arrived back in Town in the small hours, but not so small as not to let us have a little egg and bacon at the "Bat." Have you "Batted"? Well, well, you'll come to it one day. The best of them do. It is rather like a drop-scene in the Chauve-Souris, or any other Russian mixture. The walls are decorated with the forest of Adam and Eden and the piano by Dwight Fiske, who paints personal stories to his own accompaniment, though shortly, alas, he is returning to New York.



By Jack Greenall

"Doris swears she's never been kissed by any boy"
"Enough to make any girl swear!"

Sasha

Claire Luce, who plays Bonny, the loyal wife of the hard-drinking comedian Skid in "Burlesque." This, the play of theatreland, is now running at the Vaudeville, with Nelson Keys as leading man

We met lots of little friends who wanted to hear our story of Westward Plymouth Hoe! (And lots who didn't.) There was Lady Wimborne, so supremely tall and still supremely lovely, who told us she was going to St. Moritz, or maybe it was just St. Pancras, which is on the way to the family Guest house at Ashby St. Ledgers. Nearby there was someone who looked like Tallulah Bankhead, and someone else who looked like her husband-to-be, and as no one else could ever look like Tallulah it certainly was she. There were two long frocks. Yessir, to the ankles, and how. One, very slim, in green, which belonged to Ruby Miller, and another that started in with sunset waves and finished in a snow scene, worn by Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, who we seem to remember much better as Barbara Cartland. She writes books; indeed, these days it's

Hal Lindon

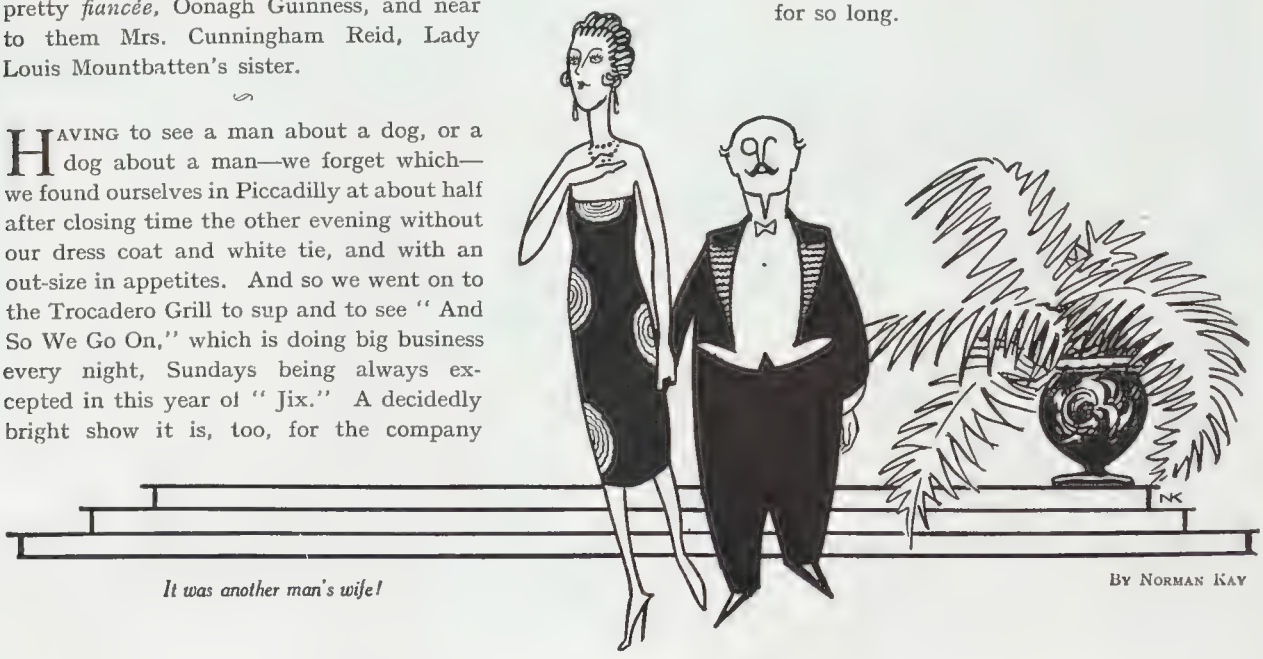
Luise Blackburne as she appears as Absinthe in the Nectar number in "And So We Go On," at the Trocadero. Her performance is naturally a spirited one!

difficult to stop people. Another by her should appear shortly. To complete the story, there were Babe Barnato and all his sixteen stone—stop, libellous—all right, we'll make it fourteen—of urbane geniality at a table with Philip Kindersley and his pretty *fiancée*, Oonagh Guinness, and near to them Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Lady Louis Mountbatten's sister.

HAVING to see a man about a dog, or a dog about a man—we forget which—we found ourselves in Piccadilly at about half after closing time the other evening without our dress coat and white tie, and with an out-size in appetites. And so we went on to the Trocadero Grill to sup and to see "And So We Go On," which is doing big business every night, Sundays being always excepted in this year of "Jix." A decidedly bright show it is, too, for the company are not only good to look upon, but have real talent—and the two don't always go together; not by any means.

HAVING been provided with Tables, Discreet, One, by John, who, being a head waiter of charm and wisdom, whispered in our ear that he has a soft corner in his heart for THE BYSTANDER, and will watch over the interests of the right people—to wit, our readers—like a brother, we settled down to our supper. In between bites we hurled a bouquet or so at the company who sang and danced for us on the stage and round us on the floor, reserving two extra big ones for clever Marjorie Robertson and the fair Nancy Barnett, who is much more attractive than Barnet Fair. And so out into the cold, cold night.

WE are officially informed that Fred Terry and Julia Neilson have not been seen on a West End stage for thirteen years, so we shall hasten down to the Strand Theatre to give them a big hand when they open there with that old childhood's friend, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," to-day, Boxing Day. A good idea on our part, but far from unique, as we have found. Indeed, it soon became apparent that two at least of our copybook maxims hold good. The Terrys proved conclusively to us that not only does "absence make the heart grow fonder," but that "there are no friends like old friends." Very meet and right, too. Especially in the case of an actor who has been giving his public value for money for so long.



It was another man's wife!

BY NORMAN KAY

BY DOROTHY MORGAN

"WINNING THE TOSS"

TERROR

By
DAPHNE DU MAURIER

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BRIDGET woke up with a start.

Somewhere something had fallen; perhaps a slate from the roof, or maybe it was only a door banging on the floor above. She did not know this, of course; at six years old it is difficult to reason about strange noises, or about anything that happens in the middle of the night. Half-past nine was the same as midnight to Bridget.

For a few minutes she lay awake wondering what it was that had woken her. She no longer felt tired or sleepy, her mind was alert, and every nerve was on edge. Then she opened her eyes and looked around her. At first everything seemed black, pitch black, but as she became accustomed to the darkness the furniture in the bedroom gradually began to take shape.

A queer, ghastly shape.

This was not the same room as the one in which she had undressed. She saw that Nanny had not come up yet, because the bed was empty.

But, what is empty? The pillow must have slipped a little, for something bulky lay in the corner by the turned-down sheet. A piece of blanket had become untucked at the side; it was rolled slightly, and stretched across the centre of the bed. Yet it was not like an ordinary piece of blanket, this rolled object, it was an arm—a cold, white arm—with no body near it, with no person to whom it belonged.

A loose arm hanging from nowhere . . .

Bridget shrank back in her bed and turned her eyes away, but this time they fell on the wardrobe at the end of the room. It looked huge and sinister, far taller than in the daytime; it seemed to stretch as high as the ceiling.

And there was a dark, inky black corner just by the side of it.

She tried to think of what was kept in that corner, but she could not remember; surely it had never been there before?

Then something creaked.

Sweat broke out on Bridget's forehead, her heart thumped under her little white nightgown; her body burned, but her feet were icy cold!

There . . . another creak. . . . Again.

Her eyes were now glued to the wardrobe, whence the sound had come.

Slowly—very slowly—the door opened. The gap grew larger and larger, creaking with every inch; soon it would swing right open.

And what would be inside, waiting, waiting?

She dared not move now, because the slightest sound would tell them that she was there; if she kept quite still with her eyes closed perhaps they would go away and forget all about her.

She lay silent, without a movement, and then, in spite of herself, the dread impulse came over her to look; her head turned, and her eyes were drawn, as if magnetised, towards the wardrobe.

The door was wide open.

And inside—inside where Nanny's clothes hung in the daytime, her coat, her mackintosh, her grey costume—were three shadowy figures, silent and mysterious.

Three mocking priests, with gaunt, dark bodies, and no faces.

Bridget knew they were watching her; they were waiting for her to move, when they would creep from their hiding-place, creep with soft, terrible steps towards her bed, and lift great white hands with thin, hollow fingers.

But the silent priests did not move, and she turned her head.

She waited, waited for some sound to warn her, some sign to tell her that they were coming to her—but nothing happened. This was worse, this sudden absence of any sound, this dead still quiet. She listened—she could hear Silence.

A faint humming sound in her ears, then gradually it buzzed louder, until it became a roar like a mighty wind. She opened her eyes again, and saw that the square dressing-table had turned into a square, hunchbacked animal, with thin, queer-shaped legs.

It stood beneath the window ready to pounce. The cord of the blind was rattling against the window pane—someone was trying to get into the room.

Yes, at either side of the window, where the curtains generally hung, there were two evil women with long black hair. These were more frightening than the priests; these were witches with claws instead of hands; they had the same faces as a woman in a book she had once seen. She remembered the book, a large old book with a brown cover, and the pictures were horrible.

Supposing all the pictures had become alive, and were going to steal one after the other through the window!

Bridget swallowed—the sound of it seemed to echo through the room, but she could not help herself, she had to swallow again. Her throat was dry—she tasted dust. Everything in the room now took a special shape. The fireplace was a yawning cave; the table a gigantic toad; the chairs were stunted dwarfs.

If only Nanny would come up; if only she could get out of this terrible room into the kind, warm Day Nursery, flooded with electric light.

What if snakes came down the chimney—long, black,

'The fireplace was a yawning cave; the table a gigantic toad"

wriggling snakes—and glided along the floor and coiled themselves round the bedposts?

The floor became thick with bodies of dead cats—she had seen one in a gutter once—grey, furry cats; and mice, thousands of headless mice . . .

Bridget began to cry, and the sound of her crying frightened her.

The Things had heard; they were all coming near her. The priests bowed, the witches waved, the animals crept quietly, quietly . . .

The air suddenly became thick with stifling blankets; she was going to be suffocated, the ceiling was sinking down upon her. With a strangled scream Bridget climbed out of bed, she stumbled across the floor and flung herself panting against the door. "Nanny, Nanny, come quickly!"

They were all coming nearer her, long, distorted shapes grinned at her, large crooked hands thrust themselves forward to grasp her.

Above her hung great gaping mouths.

Her feet stood in a pool of blood . . . She was lying on the floor now, screaming into the carpet.

Then the door opened, and someone turned on the light.

It was Nanny. Bridget flung herself upon her, sobbing hysterically.

"Nanny, Nanny, take me away; don't let them get at me; I'm so frightened, don't go away! Oh! save me!"

The nurse shook her crossly. She was irritated at having to come upstairs from her cup of cocoa in the kitchen, but Bridget's screams had alarmed her and she was afraid there might be a fire.

"What do you mean by making all that noise?" she said sharply. "You ought to be fast asleep hours ago instead of shouting and screaming. I should be ashamed if I were you. I won't have any nonsense, do you hear me?"

Bridget's screams rose higher and higher; she begged and pleaded to be taken downstairs; she clutched on to the nurse with clammy, wet fingers; she grovelled on the floor; she almost licked her hand.

"You stop where you are; do you understand?"

Bridget was picked up and thrust back in her bed.

"Will you be quiet at once?"

Nurse was gone in an instant, and the light was put out.

The door closed behind her, and there was a sound of retreating footsteps.

For a moment the child was too amazed to think. Then came realisation—she was alone.

Long shadows crept across the floor . . .

LE MAÎTRE

DE BALLET

BY FRANK W. LEA

THE "PLAZA MAYOR" OF THE SPANISH

In the centre of the Barcelona Exhibition stands a village, each house of which is a faithful example of the architecture its own "Fiesta"; costumes, customs, and all details will be accurately reproduced. At the sounds of "La Copla," figures, without which no Spanish Celebration is complete. The women standing near the fountain on the left wear foreground, turning her back to the

BY JUNYENT

VILLAGE AT THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION

of a Spanish Province. It is on the "Plaza Mayor" that the various festivities will be held; each province will have seated on the trestles, the "Sardana," a Catalan dance, winds itself round an effigy of the Catholic Kings, symbolical the Sevillian dress; the group in the foreground on the right, wear Catalan costumes; the little dancer in the spectators, sports the Toledo attire.

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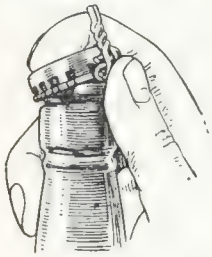

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PARIS GOSSIP

TERPSICHORE, TATTLE AND TELEPHONES

By
JAY MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCHUS

WHAT used to be called the Winter Season is on. I don't know what its official name is now: I have called it several things, as the weather is rather awful. One sign of the Aspirin Age is the throng of motor cars waiting patiently outside the Palais de Glace, in the lower Champs Elysées. For inside the building are all the Young Things (some of them not so Bright, believe me) who go there to skate and have tea, and, more important, to show off their winter sports clothes, city edition.

THE people who do not skate well come early in the afternoon. Those who do skate well, or think they do, crowd in at five o'clock, to dash around, or have tea in the gallery around the ice and acquire chilblains. The smashes are frequent, as just as you go into some tricky step you look to see who is wearing that adorable hat and scarf from Jane Regny, and all you get is a mouthful of ice as you hit the floor.

ANOTHER favourite Parisian spot at this time of the year is the little Colisée cinema, farther up the Champs Elysées. The *chic* night to go is Friday. For no reason at all the prices are doubled, so everybody goes to see only an average picture, but everybody you know looking very smart. Some old-timers even subscribe to the Friday night showings, so if you go two or three Fridays with the same girl or boy, why, then, you are simply engaged to be married. It is just one of these typically Parisian *endroits* which makes you realise that Paris is a great big city, about as big as one of the towns Sinclair Lewis writes about.

Henri Manuel

Mlle. Cecile Sorel, the famous Comédie Française star, who is seldom out of the public eye in Paris Her recent marriage to Comte Guillaume de Segur at the latter's seat at Marseilles has been the talk of the moment

WHILE in the same locality, I will tell you about the Lido. If Mussolini ever saw it he would declare war on France. He has forbidden, as you know, any of his countrymen to go to any resorts outside Italy. Well, this cabaret and swimming-pool, in the Arcades des Champs Elysées, serve as a retaliation. For after seeing this one, no one would ever be tempted to see the real Lido. The decorations are among the world's worst. The crowd is curious in two senses: it is full of *cocottes*, or else eminently respectable French provincials, out to see the Great World. The music is good, but you can barely hear it for the splashing in the pool and the racket made by the swimming-*poules*. You can go in the morning, for an *apéritif*, or for tea, or at night. I said, you can go: I have *been*, and that is that.

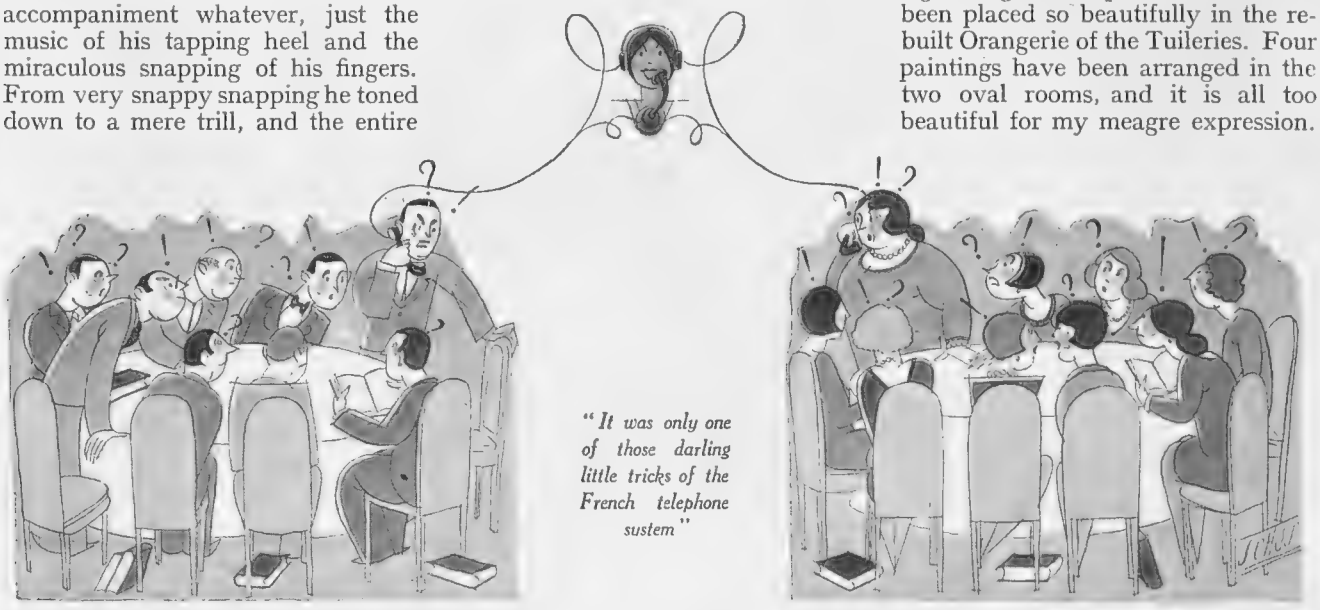
"The bed which had been coyly hidden behind two coromandel screens"

VICENTE ESCUDERO gave a Spanish dance-recital in the perfectly stunning modern Salle Pleyel. He is too marvellous, the way in which he casually comes out on to the platform, and just starts dancing whenever the note of the accompanying piano or guitar seems to please him. He is

PARIS GOSSIP

real Spanish-Spanish, and his dancing is pure dancing. It makes the Russians look like a lot of hoopla acrobats. In one number he has no accompaniment whatever, just the music of his tapping heel and the miraculous snapping of his fingers. From very snappy snapping he toned down to a mere trill, and the entire audience seemed to stop breathing. It was so infectious that on leaving I simply had to snap my fingers to the tune of the taxi engine. And as it was that kind of a taxi my right thumb and second finger are slightly sprained.

famous liquor. While he was at Berne the French Embassy was a great feature of interest in that dull capital, whose centre of the stage is Dr. Kocher, the throat specialist. Hennessy's wife was formerly Constance Maille, an actress (no relation to the Duc de Maillé) and she produced more laughs and *gaffes* than anybody in the Swiss capital. She is disappointed at her husband's new post. "I hoped he would be made the Minister of Education. That's why I have been studying French . . . I am not at all interested," she complains, "in vegetables or wheat."



"It was only one of those darling little tricks of the French telephone system"

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU has just published a book on "Les Nymphéas" of Claude Monet, the eight magnificent panels which have been placed so beautifully in the rebuilt Orangerie of the Tuileries. Four paintings have been arranged in the two oval rooms, and it is all too beautiful for my meagre expression. The panels were painted in the last years of Monet's life, and are impressions of his garden at Giverny. A friend of mine has just returned from a visit to the Normandy town where Monet made his home. He also made many friends during his years of residence, especially among the feminine population.

WELL, the big sale of the year is over, and Cecile Sorel's bed, or Du Barry's, whichever you prefer, went to Founés (the *antiquaire*) for two hundred and eleven thousand francs. The public was packed in more closely than at any of the actress's appearances at the Comédie Française. How dramatic, too, was the revelation of the bed, which had been coyly hidden behind two coromandel screens. Although the finest pieces had been sold before the public sale to various collectors the auction realised millions. And as Sorel had never bought any of it herself, it was all profit, except for the years of subsidising several newspapers for so much front-page publicity at so much per month. The bed was given to Sorel long ago by Albert Meyer, the late boulevardier and publisher of the *Gaulois*. It was he, so interested in the education of this particular blonde, who aroused her enthusiasm for antiques and who, with his influence, had Sorel made a societaire of the Comédie Française.

MONSIEUR JEAN HENNESSY, formerly the French Ambassador at Berne, is now Minister of Agriculture. He was also Envoy Extraordinaire de Cognaç, his family owning the

By CHICOT

"Don't you love Chopin's works, Mr. Brown?"
"Never been over 'em. Wot does 'e manufacture?"

AT twelve o'clock on the day of the awarding of the Prix des Goncourt and Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse, the juries met at lunch. The ten members of the Goncourt were at the Restaurant Drouant. The twenty feminine judges of the Femina were at the Cercle Interalliée. The votes had been cast, when suddenly one member of the Femina jumped up and said, "How awful if the Goncourt gave the prize to the same book." So she telephoned Drouant's and asked the chairman who had won, and how many votes had been cast for him. "Constantin-Weyer un homme se penché sur son passe," came the voice over the wire, "61-79." "My God," cried the voice on the Interalliée end, "how can that be, you only have ten votes!" "J'écoute, j'écoute," interrupted the voice of the telephone operator. Elysées 61-79." It was only one of those darling little wire tricks of the French telephone system. Greatly relieved, a little shuffling was done, and the Prix Femina went to Madame Dominique Dunois, whose real name is Marguerite Lemesle, for her novel "Georgette Garon."

J. M.

AT THE CRITERION

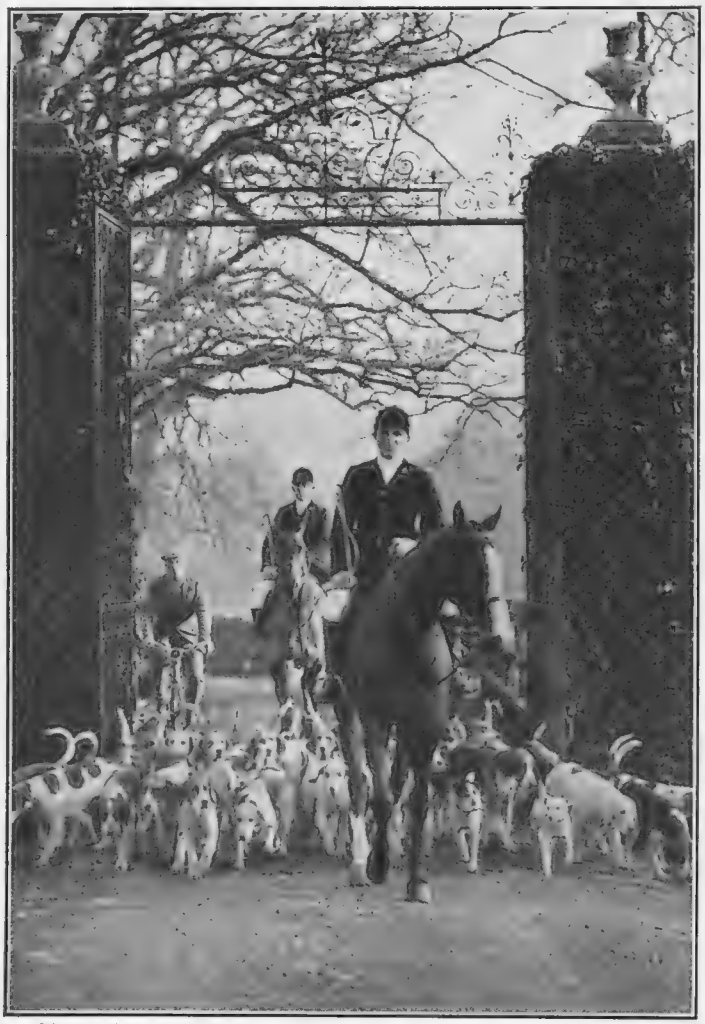
Janet Jevons

Nora Swinburne, who plays Hyacinth in "Out Goes She" at the Criterion Theatre. This play, in which quick divorce on the Transatlantic principle figures largely, is Ernest Truex's first managerial venture

THE SOUND OF THE HORN IN

A WARWICKSHIRE MEET

A photograph of an "after the ball" meet of the Warwickshire. This was held at Wroxton Abbey, at Banbury, the seat of Lord North. The field is seen here moving off to draw



Photographs

THE HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS

Alfieri

SIR NELSON RYCROFT AND LADY LYMINGTON

Two photographs taken at the recent meet of the Vine Hunt at Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, the residence of Sir John King. Lady Lymington's husband is heir to the Earl of Portsmouth

THE MIDLANDS AND THE SOUTH

MRS. HUGH FLOWER

Photographs MR. PETER FLOWER

News Illus. LORD LECONFIELD, THE MASTER

Some of those who attended the recent meet of Lord Leconfield's Foxhounds at Lodsworth Common. Mrs. Flower is the only daughter of the late Col. the Right Hon. Lord Claud Hamilton, and Mr. Peter Flower is his grandson. Lord Leconfield's kennels are at Petworth Park, and the present Lord Leconfield succeeded his father as Master in 1901

The Bystander Short Story

OVERTURE in ORANGE BLOSSOM

THE sleeping-car for Florence leaves Milan at nine-thirty. Philip Redleigh followed his porter along the cold, unfriendly platform lit by the spasmodic glare of lofty electric lamps. He passed by innumerable second- and third-class coaches filled with Italians, hatless, talking, dozing, scolding their children, reading their newspapers, scooping up a belated supper of macaroni; dishevelled, grubby, uncomfortable, looking, as is the lot of poorer night travellers, more like herded cattle than human beings. He emerged from the shelter of the station's roofing into a chilly drizzle, but a second later arrived at the dark blue outlines of the sleeping coach. Philip produced his reservation, and followed the attendant to his compartment. The porter stacked his luggage and removed himself, adequately tipped. Philip took some things out of his suit-case, felt thirsty, ordered beer, then wandered out into the corridor and stared at the wet platform and an empty train opposite. A voice made him turn.

"Philip!"

He swung round. "Marian! No, it can't be?"

"It is."

"How—how are you?" He took the slim, delicate hand that had been so beloved in the days of their mutual past.

"Philip, I think you're embarrassed. Perhaps I ought to be, but I've never met an ex-husband before! I'm enjoying it! And I'm glad to see you."

"Th-thank you, Marian. I've thought dozens of times of what it would be like to meet you again."

"And what is it like?" She laughed, and he smiled back towards white teeth set in a round, red mouth, indeterminate green-grey eyes beneath fair lashes—Mrs. Philip Redleigh, his late wife. The return of the attendant with a tall bottle and glass interrupted his reply.

"Beer!" She laughed again. "We used to quarrel about that, didn't we? Now I like it. You see, I'm quite a reformed person. Ask him to bring another glass. We'll drink it together in my carriage. I want to hear all about you—or does that sound very strange? But I lack the capacity of nourishing ill-will. It was always you who did that, wasn't it?" she mocked. "You've grown older, Philip. I think it suits you."

"Lucky for me, though I'm not so sure whether feeling older suits me as well. You haven't altered, Marian; but then you have the secret. You never did have any sense of time, did you?"

"Philip, I forbid recriminations!" He looked at her mouth. She still had that sweet little trick of protesting with her lips as well as her words. Memories came tumbling back. "Curious, isn't it, that we can sit here and—and be friends? Or almost." She smiled wistfully. "And the last time we sat opposite each other, with that grim old solicitor in between, we could have cut each other's eyes out. In fact, if I'd had claws you might have got badly mauled, Philip! Four years, nearly five. Time enough for bitterness to die. Mine has, anyway." Her voice rose a note. "But what are you doing in Italy? Business?"

"Yes and no, but this particular trip has nothing to do with antiques."

"Philip, it's not—— You're not going to be married again by any chance?"

"Marian, how did you hear?"

"Then it's true, it's true!" She flung her head back beneath its trim, tight hat and clapped her hands together. 'But it's amazing, absurd, fantastic!"

"And why is it so amusing?" His voice checked her laughter.

"My dear, guess why I am going to Rome."

"Marian! You—well, I'm hanged!" He laughed with her. "It's incredible! To meet like this on the eve of our second weddings! It's such an amazing, egregious freak of chance; it's—— But I must congratulate you."

"I hope you will. At least, I do so to you. And what is she like? Or mustn't I ask? But at least you can say if she's English or American."

"American."

"Again! I should have thought one would have been sufficient." She touched his hand. "No, Philip, I'll take it as a compliment to myself—if you'll let me."

"I never could refuse you very much, Marian. One of my great mistakes, I've thought since. And who is your *fiancé?* Though, really, it feels a little odd asking one's former wife about her future husband."

"Laugh, Philip, laugh, or we may feel like crying. He's a Frenchman, Pierre Orvende."

"Was he one of——?"

"No, he was not. I only met him last year. He's attached to the Embassy in Rome."

"You always were a good linguist."

"I ignore that sarcasm. Tell me, when do you marry?"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

By

RICHARD VINER

Illustrations by
HELEN McKIE

"It never seemed to rain that summer except—kisses"

"Next week, in Florence. Nancy—at least, her parents have a villa there."

"And you're very much in love, Philip?"

He looked at her dancing eyes and the light freckles—just one or two that had always been her despair—between the narrow brows. There were eight and a little bit. She used to command him to kiss them away.

"Of course I'm very much in love. I shouldn't be marrying otherwise," he said at last. "Not that it's the same as when you and I married. I don't hope for that; indeed, I don't think I want it."

"You're not very kind, Philip."

"No, but we always did quarrel about my candour, didn't we? But I think that the love that lasts is not what poets tear their hair and cross their nibs to write of; it is rather ordinary. But it means a much deeper, a much more abiding happiness than the idyllic, tempestuous, whirlwind love."

"Oh, nonsense! You've just lost your illusions. Trying to make the best of second best."

"It's nothing of the sort. I merely prefer to live with something more substantial than iridescent rainbows."

She made a *moue*. "You always were so horribly practical. Which reminds me. I must go to bed. Shall I see you in the morning—or is your *fiancée* meeting you?" Her eyes glanced roguishly up at him.

He shook his head.

"Oh, Philip! Doesn't she love you enough for that?"

"I told her not to; it's so unpleasantly early."

"Ah!" With which little sound Marian conveyed much meaning. "But I would have come for you, Philip. Good-night."

"Good-night." He bent and kissed her hand. Suddenly she touched his cheek with her fingers. "Dear Philip," she said.

He regained his compartment, bumped down on the narrow bed. Upon his hand there lingered the scent she used. For a long time he sat with his hand against his mouth and nose. Then swiftly, splashing on the water, he washed. He slept hardly a wink.

. . . . . .

They called him at eight, as the sleeping-car went no farther than Forence. As he came out of his door he found her just about to leave.

"And who's punctually up this morning?" she greeted him gaily. Then, rather sweetly, "I waited to say good-bye."

"Good—good-bye, Marian! But—but there's no need to rush away like this. We've got to have some breakfast. There's *no* reason why we shouldn't have it together?"

"Isn't there?" She lifted her eyebrows in playful surprise.

"None, Mrs. Redleigh. Go on." And he gave her a gentle push in the direction of the door. "Fun calling you that, Marian."

"Yes, the last days of the first Mrs. Redleigh." She laughed.

"Be quiet, Marian. I don't feel cynical this morning."

They stepped out into one of those bright winter days that seem to have been stolen from the spring. Even the ugly pallor of the station was here and there transmuted into a quilt of sunshine. They walked across the Piazza to the hotel. Hot coffee was doubly delicious after the fatigue of the train.

"Philip, we shouldn't be having breakfast together."

"Because of what others might think?"

"Because of what two others might think."

"Marian, that's absurd. I'm sure if I had to explain to Nancy she would not mind. Really, it's nothing more than an amusing coincidence."

"No. Once upon a time we were husband and wife.

Now, just as we are about to become somebody else's, we sit and have breakfast together. My conscience has developed a sense of guilt, Philip."

He smiled. "From what I know of it, it must be a very recent development. In any case, I have a plan. I suggest we fill in the time before your train leaves by an excursion. I want to show you Settignano. It will remind you of those days we spent in the Pyrenees."

"Philip! Of course, after we left Paris, on our honeymoon." He watched her eyes grow bright. "And we bumped about on that tram from Ahioz to Pamplona. I don't think I've ever been on a tram since."

"Well, then, you'll go on one this morning. We'll just have time to get to Settignano and back."

She shook her head.

"Good heavens, Marian, why ever not?"

"No."

"You're exasperating."

"No."

"We might be brother and sister."

"But we're not."

"Please, Marian."

"No, we just mustn't, Philip."

"I say we just must. Waiter, bring me the bill."

"I won't come."

"You will."

She got up. "I used to hate you for making me do the things I didn't want to."

"Marian! You don't hate me now?"

"No-o. That's what's bothering me."

"Oh, my dear." He caught at her hand and kissed it. The blood ran warmly to her face.

"Philip, will you please ask the time of my train. It's one-forty or fifty, I believe."

"I'll ask as we go out."

"The one-forty is the express to Paris, sir."

"Paris? No, no, it's Rome you want, isn't it, Marian?"

"Yes, of course."

"Ah, that is ten minutes later, sir. Thank you, sir."

"'I've never met an ex-husband before'"

"We have hours of time, Marian. It's only nine o'clock. We must get to the Duomo. The tram starts from the Cathedral every half-hour, I think."

They took a cab and left it at the Duomo. Their tram bumped up, and having sat in the shadow of the Cathedral just as long as all trams do sit, it started off with a violent clanging of the bell to bump and jolt through the town.

"Fun, Philip, fun! All the guilt's wearing off my conscience."

He pressed her gloved hand. "Hurray!" he said.

. . . . . .

SETTIGNANO. Sun-lit, white, warm. Haphazard they took a road to the left, Philip having an idea that it led to the hill beyond. He was right, the road ran out from the village into terraced vine groves with a stone wall upon its left, and below, in the distance, Florence, a vast rectangle of red roofs, and surging up from the middle the dome of Brunnelleschi's Cathedral they had just left. White oxen went by lumbering a heavy cart. They left the road and sat down.

"Marian, I think I'm beginning to be jealous of my successor." He ran his hand into hers. "I didn't sleep a minute last night. I kept thinking of our house on the river. All night the rhythm of the wheels reminded me of the weir. Do you remember, Marian?" He kept interlacing his fingers with hers. "D'you remember that first summer when we'd go on the water at night after I'd come back from town? My God, it never seemed to rain that summer except—kisses." He laughed, shyly. "Marian, you're still so—so beautiful." She did not avoid his kiss. Her mouth, as he had always remembered, was like the cool petals of a rose touched with morning dew.

"Philip!" She caught his hair and pressed his face against her own. Her lips moved upon his. "No one, no one kisses quite like you, Philip. In Paris, you remember, our first." Something tumbled to the ground. He turned. Picked up his umbrella. It had been bought in Paris. Nancy had given it him. He looked towards the south, in the direction of her villa.

Marian was speaking closely in his ear. "Naughty, naughty! You shouldn't have kissed me."

Naughty! He prodded the ground irritably with his heel.

"I — I suppose I couldn't help it," he blurted.

"You're forgiven," she smiled. "You know I feel as if we were at Fontainebleau and that in a little while we shall be driving back to Paris, still in the first week of our honeymoon."

The umbrella slipped to the ground again. "The one-forty is the express to Paris, sir." Out across Florence he could dimly distinguish the cluster of cypresses near Nancy's villa.

"Rapturous days," he said. Without looking down his hand began fiddling with his wrist watch.

"What is the time, Philip?"

"Time? My dear, there's hours. Don't bother about it. As a matter of fact I think it's just half-past eleven."

"Take me away, Philip, or I shall want to stay—or run away with you."

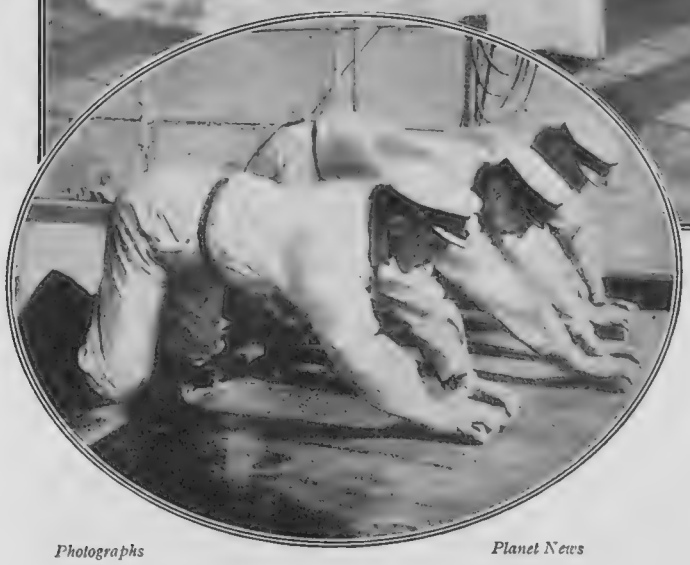
Run away. Run away. Paris. One-forty. His left hand clenched around the umbrella handle.

"Just as you like," he said. "And trams can be inconveniently punctual at times."

They were silent during the journey back, and it was only Marian who spoke during the brief lunch. They left the station-restaurant at one-thirty, and walked to the entrance of the departure platforms. Marian passed through with her porter, but as Philip followed he was stopped. He called to her.

"Have to get a platform ticket. Catch you up." She nodded and he hurried back to an automatic machine. She was out of sight. He passed on, began to run, ran out of the station, kept on running, running.

"Presto! Presto!" Marian implored of her porter, and hurried into the first available carriage. Then she ran to hide where on one might find her. She saw the tops of the Paris coaches slip by. He would have asked her to run away, to run away. Paris. She felt the train begin to move under her. Safe! R. V.



Photographs Planet News

Danish Princes on a Southern Cruise

Two photographs of the Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark and his brother Prince Knud on a Southern cruise in a Danish warship, in which the Princes served as cadets. On the left the Princes are seen with another cadet qualifying for "housemaid's knee"

THE VIGILANT MR. DOUGLAS

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

To be candid, I am a little surprised to find the question of a censor still very much to the fore. Go to any party these days, where literary folk are to be found, and soon or later their conversation will veer round either to Mr. James Douglas—who, by the way, is *not* the author of *South Wind*—or to Sir Chartres Biron, who once wrote an excellent book called *Pious Opinions*, wherein the police were advised to leave literature severely alone. Mr. Douglas has certainly achieved fame—of a sort—for his name is now occasionally mentioned even in newspapers belonging to rival proprietors; but has he done anything more than advertise the literary wares which apparently disturb his parochial soul? All the best vigilance societies will doubtless take him to their bosoms (if that word be not considered too indelicate); but does he, or anybody else for that matter, really suppose that we are going to submit our work to the censorship of some new Mr. Bowdler?

❋

WHAT a ridiculous business it all is! And how one-sided! Suppose I write a new and very gory novel called *The Pool of Blood*. It is the highly realistic story of an unpleasant brute who spends his life making love to women with money, marrying them, and murdering them in various ingenious ways—so ingeniously, in fact, that he is never found out. That there are such creatures alive you can hardly doubt after reading the Sunday newspapers—even that one edited by Mr. Douglas. Well, it is a thoroughly nasty book, this novel of mine—a thoroughly immoral book. Obviously a large number of hitherto blameless young men who read it will feel drawn towards making love to rich women for the purpose of killing them off by the methods I have described. Obviously our hangman will have to engage extra assistants. But will my novel be attacked by Mr. Douglas and so be given an advertisement that does not cost my publisher or myself a penny? I am afraid not. Yet why? Surely there is no more abominable crime than murder? Ah, yes; but, you see, there is a very great difference between murder and —er—well, we hardly like to mention the word—indecency. Our young people must be protected.

❋

FROM indecency, but not from murder? Really? And how would you define indec—— No, it is useless to go on. We have long had a queer idea in this country—diligently fostered by Mr. Douglas's predecessors—that if we must talk about matters which the vigilance societies consider improper, we should only treat them in a light-hearted, musical-comedy way. But if one thing is becoming clearer every day, it is that this queer idea is going. The new generation of writers will not be dictated to by any purity-brigade. It is not that the younger novelists are deliberately aiming at pornography, or that the new biographers are deliberately attempting to hew down all the old pedestals; it is, rather, that they are keen to discover the real truth, which, when found, is no longer to be wrapped in the thickest of Victorian shawls before being given to the public.

Vandyk

MR. ANDREW G. C. GIBSON

The author of "Dragonflies," reviewed in this article. It is published by Mathews and Marot at 7s. 6d. net

❋

THERE is nothing surprising in the fact. Life has changed since the War, and it is natural that literature should change with it. It is not, perhaps, always realised how vast this change has been. I have just read a novel by Edith Olivier called *As Far as Jane's Grandmother's* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a fairly accurate representation of "county" life before the War. It introduces you to what I suppose was the real pre-War girl, the "nice" girl who followed religiously in her grandmother's footsteps, disapproved of female creatures who actually earned their own living on the stage or in the studio, and was shocked and distressed at post-War morals. I can understand her point of view—apparently it is still shared by Mr. Douglas—but what a dull person she is! And what a queer book it is to find being published these days! So conventional and so painfully correct! There is certainly no fear of Jane's career offending the most narrow-minded committee of busybodies ever brought together. But for myself, I am bitterly disappointed, for Miss Olivier was the author of *The Love-Child*, which was the quaintest and most charming of stories, while the new book is no more than ordinary: pleasant enough, for it is written with care, but—unnecessary. Or is it that those pre-War days, with their curious repressions, seem too aloof and too dull to be true?

❋

AT the same time, it is not enough to be merely "modern." The ability to call a spade by its right name is no criterion of literary worth. During the last year or two I have read "daring" novels by the dozen, which have been only dirty or dull (generally both). A real work of art must show a personality behind the writing. It must be dynamic. It must have some sort of beauty or grace in its conception or construction. And in that case the mere fact that a scene or an idea in its pages may rouse the wrath of a vigilant Mr. Douglas will not matter at all in the long run.

❋

I HAVE the idea that in *Dragonflies* (Mathews and Marot: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a first novel by Andrew G. C. Gibson, the writer is attempting to be really modern. I hasten, however, to add that not one of fifty Mr. Douglases could find anything in the novel against which to warn innocent Sabbath-readers. It is the sketch of a present-day girl who wearies of the lifeless routine of a country town, and is quite convinced that she "has a devil." Unlike Miss Olivier's Jane, the Janet of this book finds little to respect in her elders, reads Freud amongst other "improper" authors, and talks in what the publishers call a "characteristic" way. Unfortunately she rarely stops talking. All her friends talk. They talk so much that the story is constantly in danger of being forgotten altogether. Even more unfortunately, that "devil" hardly ever shows a sign of his existence.

❋

JANET, however, is a little more interesting than Jane. She, at least, is called on to choose between two men, schoolmasters both. One of them can give her position; the other —"has need of" her. Which is it to be? That is the question, and it seems to be disturbing Janet's aunt rather more than it disturbs Janet herself. Perhaps that is the "modern" way. I confess that I was never very thrilled, but there are signs of promise in this book. There are carefully drawn portraits. A more important fact, however, is that there is an evident desire to pierce through the surface of things. But I am one of those doubtlessly old-fashioned people who ask for a *story* in their novels, and in *Dragonflies* there is no more than a poor wisp of a thing.

THE MERRY, MERRY RING TIME

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Our artist records above some impressions gathered at Bertram Mills's One Ring Circus, which is back again at Olympia. The sawdust ring still holds an irresistible appeal for the "young" of all ages

ANOTHER WORLD'S SPEED RECORD

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

At Stag Lane

SUBJECT to official confirmation by the F.A.I., the "Moth" has secured the world's speed record for two-seater light aeroplanes, the pilot being Mr. Alan Butler, the chairman of the company. Carrying his wife as passenger, he flew over a closed circuit of 100 kilometres at nearly 120 miles an hour, beating the previous record held in Germany by a small margin. The amount of private flying carried out at the De Havilland School during eleven months this year is already more than double last year's total. Fourteen hundred hours in the air means, roughly, that 120,000 miles have been flown in and around the aerodrome.

Barratt's

Capt. R S. Rattray photographed in his Cirrus Moth in which he is returning to West Africa. He will follow a course across France, down to the east coast of Spain, and along the African coast to Dakaar, cross country to the south of Timbuktu The final course will be south to the Gold Coast, the total distance from England being 5,000 miles

Berlin to London by Seaplane

HAVING flown out to Germany on the "Bluebird" for the Aero Show in October, Colonel the Master of Sempill left his machine moored out on one of the local ponds, intending to bring it home within a week or so. Circumstances prevented him from returning to Berlin for two months, during which time this tiny seaplane had withstood several severe gales, and it is therefore a great tribute to him and to the machine that it was able to return to England in perfect order. His flight through Germany to the coast and then *via* the Dutch canals to Amsterdam, with a three hours' crossing of the North Sea and a final landing on the Welsh Harp at Hendon, is a story full of interest, in addition to providing a few thrills. There is no doubt that the light seaplane will appeal to those sportsmen in this country who feel at home on the water. The Blackburn "Bluebird" is specially suitable for touring, as it lands slowly and can be handled and moored quite easily by one person.

Club News

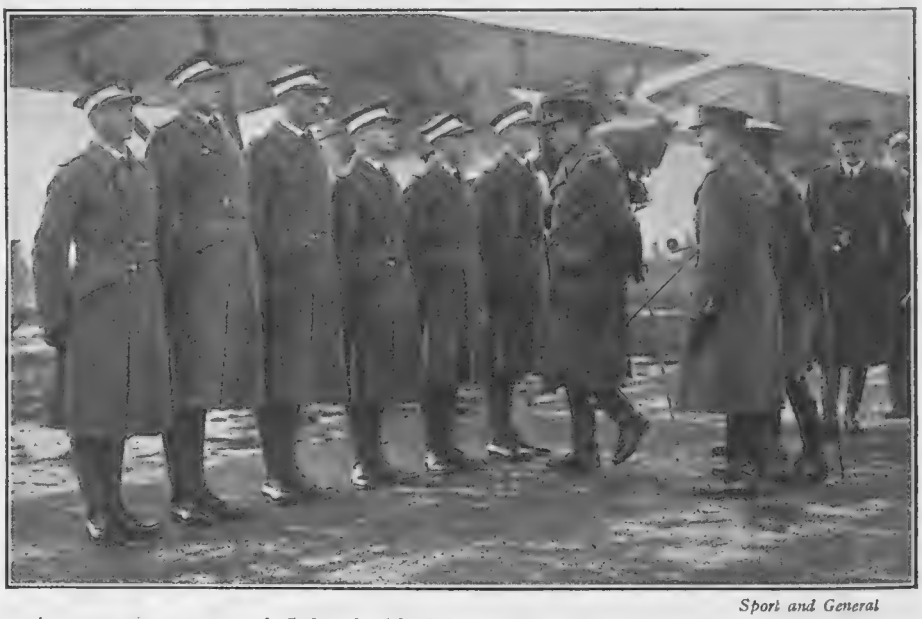
CLUB members up North are beginning to fear they will become fireside aviators. What with smoke from the Black Country and rain from the gods, it seems scarcely worth while being flying members; and when some careless oaf mislays the key of the bar, as happened at Hooton Park the other day, a resolution in favour of migration to the South of France is passed unanimously! In spite of all this the Liverpool Club did put in quite a useful total of flying, but if club instruction were limited to a quarter of an hour per pupil, and solo to ten minutes a head, it would be much more encouraging for all concerned. A London member told me the other day that he did his first solo in September and has not flown since, but admitted that this was partly his own fault because he had only been out to the aerodrome on a few occasions. Under the present system thousands of useful flying hours are wasted annually because pupils are not on the spot when the weather is doubtful, although they turn up in hundreds on a fine day, often to go away discouraged because there are not enough machines for everyone. If "National Flying Services" can provide first-class club-houses with sufficient indoor attractions for both sexes they will go a long way towards solving the problem of making flying cheaper as well as more popular.

The Chinese Become "Moth"-Bitten

IN 1921 China bought vast quantities of Vickers' Vimys, then in the full flush of their success after crossing the Atlantic non-stop and carrying out numerous long-distance Empire flights. Since that date practically no British machines have been ordered, so that the Chinese may be congratulated for placing an order with De Havilland's, and for recognising that if it's clockwork you need, then it's Mothwork.

Aerodrome Library Notes

THOSE of you who have forgotten to give the local club a Christmas present have just a few days before New Year in which to pretend that you have remembered. Books for the club library are always welcome. "Guests of the Unspeakable" tells of flying in the early days of the War in the Near East; whilst Lowell Thomas has described and illustrated 25,000 miles of "skylarking" in his new book "European Skyways." Young pilots and others interested in aviation should read "An Airman's Outings" and "Eastern Nights and Flights," by "Contact," who was first an observer and then a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps, in addition to being a brilliant author.



Sport and General

A passing-out inspection of Cadets by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Hugh Trenchard at Cranwell Aerodrome. Sir Hugh Trenchard is seen here inspecting Flying Cadets standing by their Fighting 'Planes

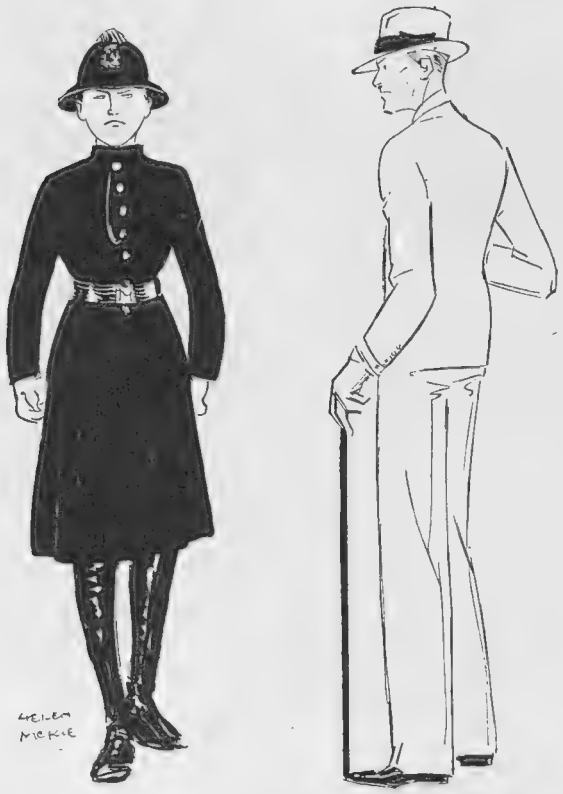
BY APPOINTMENT

The Final Touch.

Cerebos SALT

WHAT IS MODERN BEAUTY?

By ROSEMARY *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*



"The policewoman's uniform is a crime"

ANYTHING of Beauty may be a joy for ever, but it does not escape fashion. There is no doubt that our taste in looks as much as in clothes changes with the suns And while Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady have been sisters under the skin probably since the days of good King Wenceslas, very different things have been expected from their complexions at different times. It says much for the way Nature follows Art that women have always been able to suit the requirements of the particular age. In Greece they grew straight noses to come down without a dip from the forehead; in Italy they got fat and depended on the Eyes rather than the Nose, and by the time Art came to Holland they had got that nice armchair look that suggests good nature and a quiet life in the home. Not, of course, that it would always do to believe the Artists of the time.

DID any woman, I mean, even in the blessedest of Damosel times, ever look like a Burne-Jones heroine? One or two may have done, but I don't believe they walked about or even went in their carriages with that "take-the-world-away" look so often. Just compare nowadays. Supposing a bit of a comet blew off and sent our island flying into mid-Atlantic so that we had to be discovered and excavated, and only Rima was found! And what a paper some society would have read to them on The English Lady in the Early Morning, if they found Mrs. Dodds Proctor's best-seller.

WHAT happens, I suppose, is that there are always some who are born with the sort of faces that exactly go with the style of clothes of the period, and others have the face to look well in anything. No doubt Mary Queen of Scots would have squared a policeman with a smile in any frock—even a beaded one at a night club after hours; but where would Elizabeth have been without a ruff? And would Nelson have raised his hat to Lady Hamilton if she crossed Trafalgar Square nowadays in an Eton crop? No, she was lucky to come in for the time when a certain "sweet disorder in the dress" was admired; she never had the lines for *le haut chic*. For, of course, some periods have been much easier and kinder than others; some make you wonder how the race ever survived at all. The existence of people from twenty-five to thirty to-day, for instance, is a mystery; how *could* anyone have married our mothers in a pork-pie hat?

SOME people, especially men, will always be perverse in these matters. There may *you* be, with your best real silk stockings and a skirt that does not leave them to the imagination, and there will *he* say that Florence Nightingale is the best-dressed woman in London—as what the Law Courts call a "club-man" really and truly said the other day. A term carefully to be distinguished, by the way, from "cave-man"; it doesn't mean he uses a club forcibly, but belongs to one of the more respectable clubs where they look at a "young visitor" of female sex as much as to ask, "What *has* the cat brought in?" Foremost in which sentiment, incidentally, is surely the Reform Club, where they keep you waiting with nothing to look at but a bust of Gladstone or still grander and older men tottering up to the newspapers. And when your member has been wakened up and comes to find you, as a great treat you can be taken for half an hour, but not a minute more, into a little room with a glass door, to be chaperoned by a huge statue of Electra. You can't come to any harm with her looking on and M.P.s looking in. Some gentlemen, you see, still prefer safety even to blondes.

WHICH reminds me, you never can tell. Young man the other night, rather "terribly taken" with young woman, offered to see her home from the party.

"Dresses may be long at the back or at the sides"

"Where to?" said he, handing her into the taxi. "Wimbledon," says she without a blush. And that will mean some walking-home parties for *him* till next quarter-day.

S

BEHIND a Period frock may lurk the perennial feminine, and, as someone seems to have remarked, appearances are deceptive. The girl looking like Dora (by Dickens, not "Jix") is probably a dope fiend, while Nell Gwynn lives on oranges, and that woman looking like Lucrezia Borgia is an anti-vivisectionist and won't poison a rat. Indeed, if you have a taste for psycho-analysis and other of these latter-day sciences you will find much food for reflection in the costumes people choose when they have a chance of "dressing up." In England we are not too keen on letting ourselves go, but every now and then even the staidest of us takes to Fancy Dress and experiences the exquisite sensation of feeling like somebody else and having a chance of acting like it.

S

ON New Year's Eve, at the Albert Hall, there is the Chelsea Arts Ball, and this year it is to be an Arabian Nights affair. Mr. Edmund Dulac is responsible for that, and what better Master of the Caravan could there be to conduct such a Golden Journey to Samarkand?

Away, for we are ready to a man!
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.
Lead on, O Master of the Caravan;
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Baghdad.

S

BUT to return to modern raiment; if you can wear the clothes you can dress like a mannequin. Though I was struck the other night at the Bat by how few of the girls were wearing the clothes that you see set out for them in the bigger mannequin parades. Dresses may be long at the back or at the sides, and the fashionable onyx occurs often as an ornament, but of hair bands and ornaments there were none. And it took the entrance of Mrs. McCorquodale to show us what a modern dressmaker can really do left alone, as it were, with rare pinks for colour and ostrich feathers for the trimming of a picture frock.

S

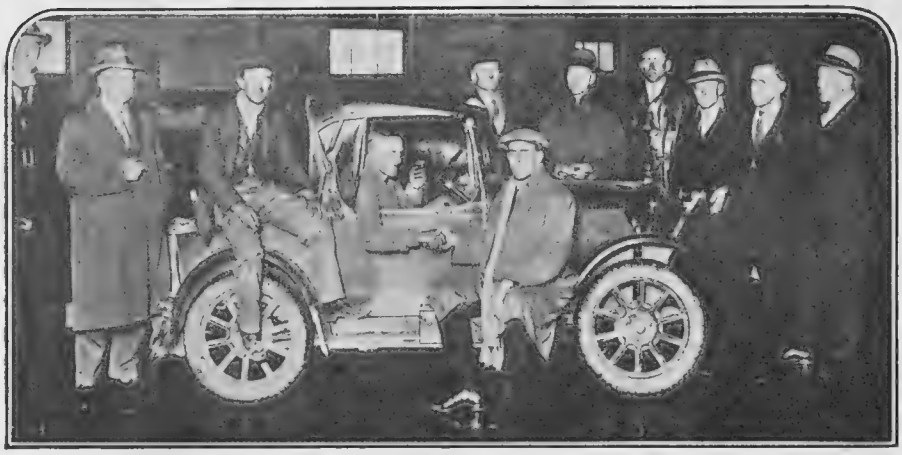
BEAUTY will out. But we still might help a bit. Tell those people who say with a sniff that it's only skin deep, that, anyway, ugliness goes to the bone. And let us pray that if the Police Commission ever do anything they will change the policewomen's uniform. At present it's a crime.

Rosemary.

"Mary Queen of Scots would have squared a policeman with a smile . . . at a night club after hours"

WANTED—YET MORE COLOURFUL CARS

By E. M. WRIGHT



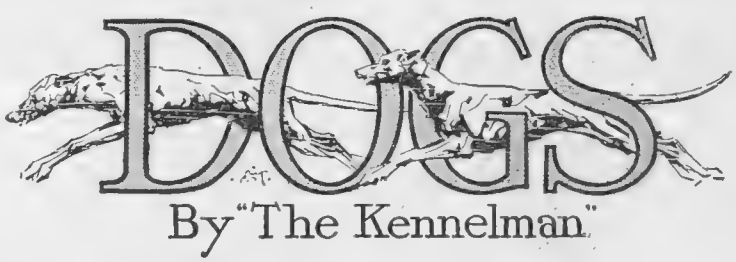
Mr. P A. Armstrong, who is sixty-five years old, photographed at the wheel of the Triumph Super Seven in which he recently crossed Australia from Perth to Sydney The distance travelled was 2,900 miles, for the most part over sand tracks and through bush country. The Triumph Super Seven was correctly lubricated with Mobiloil and arrived at Sydney in perfect running order

In a London showroom the other day I found some friends of mine in the act of choosing their new car for Christmas. "Yes, Madam," the smart salesman was saying, "I think that combination of colours is quite exclusive. The light blue goes so well with the mauve." "Oh, but do you think they belong to the same class of colour?" she was replying. "I have my doubts as to what they would look like on a wet day. Besides, blue is a cold colour and winter is not over yet"—and here she shivered graphically. "Well, Madam, if you want something that looks well in winter and goes with almost any colour of clothing, why not try this yellow and black . . .?"

My mind wandered back fifteen years. What a contrast between this and the technicalities of 1913, when the master of the house discussed oiling systems and dual ignition, while Madam, if she had not excused herself to run and buy a new hat (with motor veil, of course), was passing the time by studying patterns for motor coats in the showroom window. (Do you remember the things we had to wear in the back seats those days?) In this up-to-date conversation heard last week there was not a word about the chassis; everything was about colours and upholstery.

It is little wonder that one manufacturer said recently, "We are no longer making motor cars, we are in the millinery business." And what harm? Surely it is all to the good. It shows how these makers have so perfected the chassis that that part of the car may be taken for granted. With such modernities as chromium plating and central chassis lubrication the cars that are doing their maiden trips this Christmastide are two great big comforting stages nearer perfection; they need no more attention than a pocket petrol lighter. All that need worry the buyer nowadays is bodywork.

In America they have reached the stage, in one factory, at least, of appointing an expert in colours and materials, a sort of fashion designer. It is an excellent move, for in the design of pleasing lines and colour schemes there is tremendous scope for artistry. Here very few firms indeed offer a really large range of colours on standard coachwork. It is only when you go to the expense of having a special body built that you can get anything at all original in this direction.



By "The Kennelman"

Despite the spirit of optimism that distinguishes the whole race of Dogs—the fine judicial gravity of the Bloodhound, for example, is mistaken for pessimism only by those who don't know the breed—the conviction probably obtains in their community that Christmas, upon the whole, is not quite what it was. Not that it can be said to be going to the Dogs; but, on the contrary, that it shows too much tendency to be going away from them. In short that, whereas all the humans used to concentrate in their own dug-outs at this season, most of 'em now seem to gad about elsewhere. And when's all said and done, you know, nothing makes up in the Dogs' view for the absence of their own special humans. "Out and about as much as you like, so long as you can take us with you; but for the rest 'hame's best,' and for goodness' sake stay there—*with us!*" That's the way the Dogs look at it.

For smallish Dog Shows, notably in provincial towns, and as organised by specialist clubs—perhaps the most interesting and informative for the keen amateur—Boxing Day is one of the most popular dates in the year; and this week's list of fixtures is a long one. As to big events, one of the most important to be brought by the New Year will be the Kennel Club's ninth annual Championship Field Trials for Spaniels, a really big thing for admirers of Gun-Dogs; and who could possibly know them and their marvellously finished sportsmanship without admiring? This is fixed for January 16 and 17 at (by permission of the Duke of Grafton and Mr. W. Webster Watts) Euston, Thetford, Norfolk; judges, Messrs. C. A. Phillips and E. E. Turner; referee, the Earl of Chesterfield. In both Cockers and the bigger fellows this Meet will bring together the finest working Spaniels in the kingdom, that is, the best in the world.

The "Christmas Numbers" nowadays have a way of appearing pretty nearly as early as oysters and partridges, certainly with the muffins and other good autumnal things, and so to be a bit *passé* by this time; but there are a few that time cannot easily stale, and that, apart from the excellent entertainment they offer, really form works of reference for the year as illustrated records. In this the doggy world is specially well off; for such Christmas numbers as those of *Our Dogs* and *The Dog World* really are treasurable volumes of canine history, on no account to be scrapped with the old calendars. Their mere bulk (in the enormous growth it shows) is impressive evidence of the wonderful progress of Dog-fancying since the War—our Dog population is very near the four-million mark now, and we are registering pedigree aristocrats at the rate of 60,000 a year; and their quality, notably as portrait galleries, is extraordinarily fine.

No true friend of Dogs should fail to secure that jolly little journal, *The Animal's Advocate*, produced by the P.D.S.A., of 14, Clifford Street, W.1. The practical value of the work done in the People's Dispensaries for the Sick Animals of the Poor, especially in winter, is quite wonderful; and the Christmas number of their journal is the most interesting thing of the kind ever turned out.

Remember that the best Dogs' food is always *hard* food, and the harder the weather the more your Dog needs hard tack to keep his dentition and digestion right and his vitality high. Especially in winter he wants the best of Dog biscuits and biscuit meals with his meat; plenty of material for crunching and chewing. A little light rebaking is the best sauce.

"I owe you my life"

Read this letter—

The Grange,
Goudhurst, Kent.
18. 9. 28.

Triplex Glass Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I owe you my life. I write to acknowledge the debt and to you and to Triplex Glass. My father's car collided with a gate which had been insecurely fastened and started to swing to as we passed.

I was thrown with such violence against the glass dividing the front from the back of the car that I sustained a very severe bruise on the forehead.

Any other glass than yours would have broken and cut my head very badly. I feel I owe you my life.

Yours in grateful acknowledgment.

(Signed) ADRIAN W. FRANKLIN.

Fit "TriplеX" Regd.

-and be safe!

Shatter proof X XX Splinter proof

Make sure it's Triplex; look for the three X's in a circle; this Trade Mark is on all genuine Triplex Glass.

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

He looks thoughtful—and no wonder. Bath day has come round again and he intends to object strongly to a carbolic bath, because it makes him feel depressed and irritable.

Last time he was in luck, he felt happy and his coat looked perfect because master had given a trial to the non-poisonous insecticidal shampoo

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Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We have used CASTROL Motor Oils exclusively throughout our Works and to lubricate our ALVIS Cars entered in competitions for the past four years.

During this period, the ALVIS Car has worthily upheld the prestige of the British Motor Industry in events both at home and abroad. You will recall, among the many successes of the ALVIS this season, its wonderful performance in the Le Mans Grand Prix d'Endurance, finishing at the head of the 1500 c.c. cars at an average speed of 59.19 miles per hour over the 133 laps of the intricate course covered in the 24 hours; and, more recently, the International Class F Records established at Brooklands on October 10th by a Front Wheel Drive ALVIS driven by Major C.M.Harvey and Mr. G.A.Willday as follows:-

6 Hours ... 91.77 miles per hour. 500 Miles ... 91.02 miles per hour
1000 Kilometres ... 91.06 miles per hour.

We feel it due to you to express our appreciation of the very material assistance rendered by Wakefield CASTROL in the achievement of these ALVIS successes, and have pleasure in recording our complete confidence in CASTROL and in recommending its use to all ALVIS owners.

We are,
Yours faithfully,
For ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,
Managing Director.

Follow this advice — insist on the Product of an All-British Firm!

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD. Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Ninette

Sale Commences

Monday next December 31st.

Ninette's prestige in the world of fashion—so well and widely known—is now definitely brought before the attention of "Bystander" readers. The time is highly opportune: at the Sale, commencing Monday next, you may secure the world's choicest creations at reductions which are drastic and surprising. Your early visit, to secure the best Models, is strongly advised.

Ninette
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'Phone: Gerrard 2244 and 8141.

THAT ETERNAL TRIANGLE

An Age-Old Problem Solved by Richard Viner

What! Again? . . .
Yes.

As it might be played in London, Paris, and Los Angeles under the supervision of Aldous Huxley, Mistinguett, and the Mayor of Chicago. Hats, gentlemen! Let her go!

1.

BLOOD IS SO BLUE.

SCENE: *The Duchess of Turnover is seated in the Duchy, one of those old vintage houses in the May Fair Mews. Something stirs beside her.*

SHE: Darling, darling, darling! Your hair is like the gold, gold sun!

IT: Mmmmmmmmmm—MM!

[*Enter the Duke.*]

SHE: My heaven! No, it's my husband. Oh, darling, darling, darling!

HE: How often have I asked you to stop that irritating trick of repeating yourself?

SHE: You know I have no head for figures.

HE: Yes, and I always did hate thin women. Hello, there's a man.

SHE: Of course, darling. What did you expect?

HE: I don't know. You're so versatile these days. (*Peers closer at "It."*) By—by St. Christopher!

SHE: Hugo! You're not becoming jealous?

HE: I have no cause to think so, my dear. But isn't it Truffles, dear old Truffles? I haven't seen you since that night we played water polo in Trafalgar Square. How are you?

SHE: Hugo, you're being a little trying. Don't you think you could go away? It's a little difficult in the circumstances for dear Truffie to talk to you.

HE: Don't be so conventional, my dear. I'm so glad, Truffles, that you and my wife get on so well together. I was beginning to fear that I might have to see a little more of her than is absolutely convenient at the moment. I'm most indebted to you, Truffles. By the way, I saw old Brigg this afternoon. You remember, the bookmaker, whose wife left him at the post, as it were. We were playing bridge. I had the most extraordinary hand. Eight spades, ten high, a couple of hearts and some diamonds. My partner called "Two hearts," Brigg "Three clubs," I said "Three spades" for luck, and—and—and—well, really, Truffles, for old time's sake, I think you might stop kissing my wife while I'm talking . . .

2.

WHO SAID "HIGHBALL"?

SCENE: *A little love nest in Los Angeles. A fusillade of shots splinter against the door.*

IT: Who? What? How's that?

SHE: Howshudinow, huh? Sounds like a shootin' star.

IT: It sounds important.

SHE: 'Sprobably thirsty.

IT: What shall I do? He'll kill me.

SHE: 'Spect so. Here, fix this moustache. Kid him you're a journalist. He'd die for a line in the papers, so he may let you live. (*Enter the machine gun corps.*) Say, Wilfred, whatgermean bustin' up the house with that gun of yours? It ruins the paint.

WILFRED: Aw put the paint on this house, so aw can take it off, aw reckon. Who's that guy with his grass plot on his chin?

IT (*hastily readjusting moustache*). I—I am a journalist. I want your wife—I mean life story.

WILFRED: Fine! Go ahead. I was born in a public——

SHE: Wilfred, you can't spill 'em that story.

WILFRED: Can't I? Can it. I was born in a public library between the hours of nine to twelve, my mother being an omnivorous reader, and also drinking in anything else she could. At the early age of fifteen I met my first wife.

SHE: I never knew that.

WILFRED: No, I'm tellin' you now. Don't interrupt. A year later I was a widower, my wife having contracted an incurable affection for a traffic cop. I buried her myself. I think she's just under where you're sitting. At seventeen I married again. She developed Stock Exchange knee. I think I stand above her at this moment. My next . . .

IT: I—I think that's about enough for one instalment, thank you very much.

WILFRED: Not at all. Good-morning. (*Exit It.*) Say, who was that guy, Muriel?

SHE: Why, that was my husband.

WILFRED: Your husband! Say, I'm real sorry. If I'd been wise I'd have shot him for you.

SHE: Yuh, I forget to tell you.

3.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN . . .

SCENE: *A bar somewhere in Paris, though any bar will do. Two gentlemen drinking, or two drinking gentlemen, whichever you prefer.*

1ST: Morning, Harry. What'll you have?

2ND: Double anything you say.

1ST: You're in an extravagant mood.

2ND: I've just seen my wife.

1ST: It might have been worse.

2ND: You don't know my wife?

1ST: It might have been somebody else's.

2ND: No, I've become a member of the Society for the Prevention of Playing with Other People's Toys.

1ST: Um! I hope the time won't hang too heavily on your hands, old boy.

2ND: Well, I prefer to ask a little less of life rather than be life-less.

1ST: Have another?

2ND: I will.

1ST: Now what is it?

2ND: You know the Duke de Capucines.

1ST: I know the Duchess; but continue.

2ND: He returned the other night to find her—not alone. He shot him, shot his wife, then himself. I suppose you'll say it might have been worse.

1ST: It certainly might. If he'd come the day before he might have found me!

BY HENDY

ODDS AGAINST

Or the limitations of a ten-valve set

LADY WITH FAN

Dorothy Wilding

A recent portrait of Miss Juliette Compton in one of the dresses she wears in the film "The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel." Recently released, this film, which was made at Elstree, and includes Matheson Lang and Nelson Keys in the cast, has scored a big success

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Fascinating Plans

PRIDE of acquisition is an ineradicable trait in all humans, and it is one that is well justified if the pride is caused by the intelligence exercised in the acquirement. That is why Sales have such an irresistible attraction for clever women, for they realise that these afford them an opportunity of buying longed-for things which otherwise might remain permanently out of reach, as well as of filling up blanks in their wardrobes and restocking their linen cupboards for far less than they would ordinarily have to spend. Such a thought opens up fascinating vistas, and the New Year will arrive in the midst of a whole host of good resolutions and most thrilling plans.

Black pyjamas with a colourful floral design, and a distinctive wrap, vividly lined, both in satin. From Walpole Bros.

Sale Opportunities

THE commencement of Walpole Bros.' Sale is always an event in the world of women, and their salons at 89, New Bond Street; 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street, are besieged by eager shoppers in search of the bargains which are to be found there. For instance—three hundred coloured lawn nightdresses, embroidered or lace-trimmed, are to be cleared at 11*s.* each, while charming ones in pink, sky, or mauve *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with net, will cost 29*s.* 9*d.* instead of 37*s.* 9*d.* Quilted fancy shantung wrappers, double wadded, and lined throughout with silk, will be available for 49*s.* 11*d.*, while others in corded velveteen in lovely shades, finished with silver grey fur, and lined with fancy delainette, cost 39*s.* 11*d.* December 31 is the auspicious date.

A Treasure Trove

OPPOSITE the Brompton Oratory there is a little shop wherein may be found many delightful dance frocks, afternoon dresses suitable for every type, and practical but extremely smart woollies—all of which are distinguished by most modest prices. Its name is Minette, and the address, 9A, Dalmeny House, Thurloe Place, S.W. It was there that the delightful georgette dress on this page was sketched. Exceedingly youthful in appearance, it costs only 5½ guineas. For the stately woman there are gowns of moiré, or, for afternoon wear, satin or printed ring velvet. A sale is in progress at the moment which would add to the interest of a visit of inspection.

A very youthful-looking dance dress in carnation-red georgette, which comes from Minette

Sketches by Beta

A Magic Name

WHENEVER new furnishing fabrics are required, or colourful effects in any direction are desirable one's thoughts turn to Liberty's, of Regent Street. The news that their sale commences on December 31 will therefore be hailed with delight. Great reductions have been made in the prices of carpets and rugs, as well as in cretonnes, of exclusive designs and magnificent hues, brocades and damasks. Five thousand dress lengths of floral lawns, voiles and crapes will be available from 7*s.* each, and patterns will be sent post free. There are frocks in Liberty fabrics from 5 guineas, tea-gowns from 6½ guineas, and day dresses and model gowns at bargain prices, while satin and cloth cloaks reduced from £5 19*s.* 6*d.* to 50*s.* are other attractions.

A charming evening cap and a bag like a posy of flowers. From Marshall and Snelgrove

Evening Accessories

THE Festive Season is now at its height, and parties galore are taking place in London and in the country. Dance dresses and accessories for the evening are therefore of paramount importance, and novelties are eagerly welcomed, especially if they are as decorative and fulfil such a useful purpose as the glittering skull-caps which are enjoying such a vogue. Sketched on this page are three delightful interpretations of this fashion, which come from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The first is of oxidised net decorated with *diamanté* and embroidery; the second is of silver net with a massed design in silver ribbon; and the third is of open-worked silver over brown tulle. Worn with this is an exquisite trail of hyacinths in georgette and silk. The evening bag which looks like a posy of flowers, and the commodious one embroidered with tinsel threads, on a gilt or silvered mount, are both new and distinctive.

Remember, Remember—

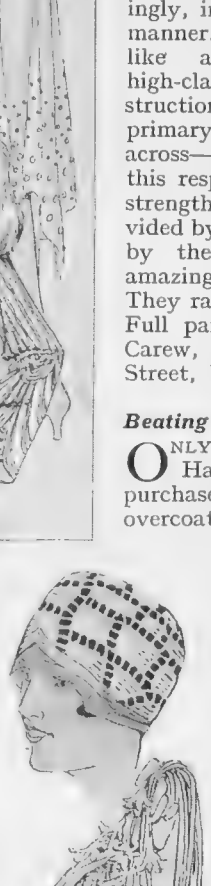
NOT the classic 5th of November, but the 31st of December, which is the day on which Marshall and Snelgrove's sale commences. Charming three-piece dresses, reduced from 6 guineas to 78*s.* 6*d.*, printed velvet ones for 98*s.* 6*d.*, French hand-made jumpers for 21*s.* 9*d.*, and fur-trimmed Bridge coats in metal brocade for 59*s.* 6*d.* are a few things taken at random from among the many splendid offers which are being made. Shoes, stockings, and gloves are indispensable possessions, and all of them may be obtained here at bargain prices. Nor are the children neglected, for in the juvenile departments there are all-wool jerseys, in heavy and light weights, for boys and girls, at 10*s.* 6*d.*, while woollen breecheette suits which were 35*s.* now cost only 20*s.*

A beaded dress in pink georgette, and a lovely coat in white marocain embroidered with silver beads. From Debenham and Freebody

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

A Wonderful Wrap

VISIONS of a fairy princess—or a very regal-looking real one!—are inspired by the beautiful coat sketched on this page. Of white marocain, it is lavishly embroidered with tiny silver beads and silver threads in a design of petals that grow larger as they approach the hem, which achieves a soft effect by its scalloped edge. The lining is of ivory chiffon velvet, warm and lustrous, and the collar is fashioned from a white fox skin. The dance frock is of pale pink georgette, embroidered with pink and silver beads. The line of the little circular cape is followed by the graceful skirt. Both come from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, where many bargains will be obtainable when their sale commences on January 7.



Brown tulle shows through this silver cap from Marshall and Snelgrove. The flowers are shaded hyacinths

Silver net and ribbon make the cap, and the bag is of silver threads. (Marshall and Snelgrove)

Slenderness and Health

TO feel and to look her very best is the ambition of every woman, but it is one that cannot be achieved if an excess of fat encumbers the body. No matter what may have caused such a state of affairs, the effect needs control and correction. This the Carew Girth Control provides immediately and lastingly, in a healthful manner. They look like an ordinary high-class corset, but in design and construction they are quite different, for the primary supports are transverse—or across—instead of perpendicular, and in this respect they co-operate with and strengthen the abdominal muscles provided by nature. They are recommended by the medical profession, and are amazingly effective and comfortable. They range in price from 3 to 5 guineas. Full particulars may be obtained from Carew, Remo House, 310-312, Regent Street, W.

Beating the English Winter

ONLY once a year do Burberrys of Haymarket offer the opportunity to purchase their famous weatherproofs, overcoats, suits, and costumes at reduced prices, and that is during the annual January sale, which this year commences on December 27—when, as is their custom, they dispose of the entire stocks of garments accumulated during the past year, and those made up from short lengths and other cloths that it is not intended to repeat in the New Year. The world-famous Burberry Weatherproof, for example, is reduced to 73*s.* 6*d.* Ladies' overcoats in both single- and double-breasted styles, that were only a few days ago priced at 8 to 12 guineas, are during the sale marked down to 4 and 5 guineas. Tailor-made costumes, cut in styles suitable for either town or country wear, are reduced from 10 and 12 guineas to 6½ guineas. While in the men's department similar offers prevail. A copy of Burberry's Sale Catalogue will be sent on request, when the name of this paper should be mentioned.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

Wonderful Bargains in all Departments

Commences Monday, December 31, and continues for four weeks.

Useful Frock in printed velvet (small coloured design on black ground) trimmed with georgette to tone. Stock size only.

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Original Price **19½/25 Guineas.**

Sale Price 16½ Gns.

Woollen Cardigan Suit with contrasting border and cuffs, pleated skirt. In light natural/light bois, dark natural/light natural, clerical/black, nigger/fawn, claret/navy, navy/fawn, etc.

Usual Price **84/-.**

Sale Price 52/6

Wrapover Tea Gown in Broche velvet georgette. Hanging sleeves, lining in georgette to tone, finished self drapery. In many shades and black.

Sale Price 7½ Gns.

250 Striped Sildick Jumpers, in a large variety of colours and sizes. Perfectly tailored. Price **49/6.**

Sale Price 29/6

O.S. **4/-** extra.

Fancy Straw Hat with narrow band and bind of velvet, trimmed hand made velvet leaves. In black, brown, beige, blue, green and red.

Sale Price 39/9

Matron's Hat in satin with swathed crown and turned down brim, underlined felt. In blue, brown and navy. (Large head-fitting.)

Sale Price 49/9

Small Mushroom Felt Hat, trimmed three rows of Petersham ribbon. In beige, brown, black, green, navy and red.

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Sale Price 30/-

Real crocodile and calf **Court Shoe.** LXV heel *(as sketch)*.

Sale Price 32/6

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Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Vere St. & Oxford St., London, W.1.

One of the many charming boxes in which the delicious chocolates made by Rowntree's, of York, may be obtained

Delicious Chocolates

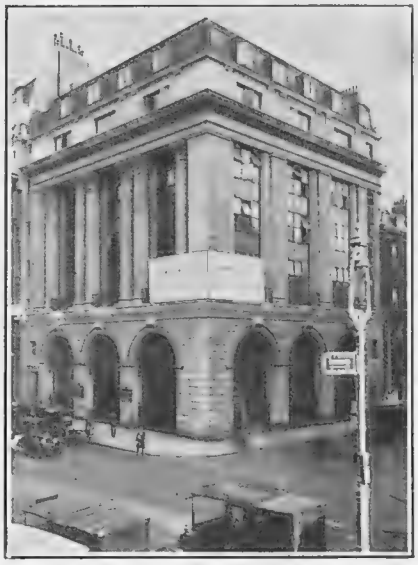
There can be no doubt about the popularity of the chocolates made by Rowntree's, of York. They are obtainable in charming boxes, such as the one illustrated on this page. This year they contain the new York Assortment, of the same quality as that which has made this brand so famous, but with a variety of fascinating new centres. Every weight-marked box of one pound or over is sold for the price of the chocolates inside, no extra charge being made for the box.

Eno's New Building

The continued expansion of the world-wide consumption of Eno's "Fruit Salt" has necessitated the removal of the head offices in London to 160, Piccadilly, W.1, adjacent to the famous Ritz Hotel. This office building is one of the architectural sights of London, and the architect responsible for the design, Mr. W. Curtis Green, F.R.I.B.A., was awarded the London Street Medal given by the Royal Society of British Architects for the best façade of the year. Coming as it does at the end of the Diamond Jubilee year of Eno's "Fruit Salt," this change in the headquarters of one of the world's most famous products augurs well for the future progress of the business.

From the Land o' Cakes

A tin of Mackie's Edinburgh Shortbread is a treat indeed, for they have a wonderful reputation for this delicacy, as well as for Scotch buns and oatcakes, currant loaves, fruit cakes and other good things. Their shop at 11-12, Marble Arch, Edgware Road, has become quite as popular a rendezvous in London as is 108, Princes Street, in Edinburgh. An attractive illustrated brochure will be sent free on application.



The new headquarters of Eno's "Fruit Salt" at 160, Piccadilly, W.1

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Pearl Mazda lamps are frosted inside, and diffuse a soft mellow light which cannot cause eye strain

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This title is aptly applied to Cuba, the island republic which is in high favour as a holiday resort for sunshine-seekers. Its proximity to Canada and the United States makes it extremely popular with citizens of those countries, but it has charms which appeal to the whole world. Havana, said to be the gayest capital of the Western Hemisphere, is notable for its fine architecture and superb surroundings. The social life of the capital finds its centres in the Hotel Sevilla Biltmore, or at Biltmore-Havana, the luxury suburb which lies some six or seven miles away along the Avenida Cinca. Bathing, fishing and golf can be enjoyed at their best.

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POULET À LA MILANAISE.

SEAKALE SALAD.

LEMON SOUFFLÉ.

Spinach Omelette

MAKE a small purée of spinach, take two tablespoonfuls of it and stir it into four eggs which have been previously beaten, yolks and whites separately; add a tiny piece of onion, chopped very small, and a little salt and pepper. When thoroughly mixed put the whole into an omelette-pan with 2 oz. of butter, fry a golden brown, and serve very hot.

Poulet à la Milanaise

Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni in slightly salted water for twenty minutes. It must be quite firm and not inclined to break up. When cooked drain the macaroni. Boil a chicken in stock, cut into joints, and put into a stewpan with a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce and a quarter of a pint of espagnole sauce, add the macaroni, seasoning, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar or lemon-juice. Stew these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour until the chicken is quite hot and tender. Dress on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and place the pieces of chicken on top.

Espagnole Sauce

Cut up the giblets and any trimmings of the fowl. Make a brown gravy with stock, a tumblerful of white wine, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer gently for several hours, pass through a tamis, clear off all grease, and thicken with a little meat glaze.

Seakale Salad

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared ready, and put in a salad-bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot is a tasty addition. This makes a delicious salad.

Lemon Soufflé (Hot)

Peel a lemon very thinly and leave the peel to soak in half a pint of milk for one hour. Melt 1½ oz. of butter, and stir into it 1½ oz. of flour; strain off the milk from the lemon, add it slowly to the flour and butter, stirring well, and let it all come to the boil. Take it off the fire, add 1½ oz. of castor sugar, let it cool a little, then add the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, finally stirring in the stiffly whisked whites. Bake or steam for twenty-five minutes. EMILIA.

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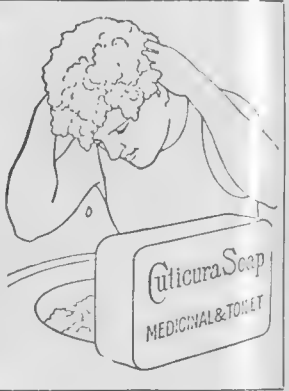

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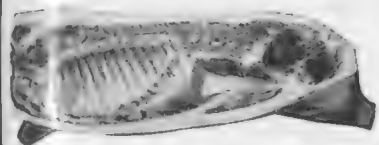

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What it feels like to have the face lifted—*by Anne Dixon*

I AM an admirer of beauty, and I hate old age. A severe illness left me a haggard wreck, prematurely aged in the face. I was in despair about my changed appearance. After much heart-searching thought I decided to go and see a well-known plastic surgeon at the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street, W.1, and ask his advice about my face. I admit I was very nervous when I rang the bell, and by the time I was shown into an attractive waiting room I had become panic-stricken.

The interview with the specialist restored my confidence, for he proved to be exceptionally human and considerate. He handed me a mirror, and with his finger tips gently pulled back my skin along the jawbone towards the ear and upwards towards the temple. He then took the loose skin around my eyes in a tiny instrument and showed me the amount to be removed. In the mirror I saw myself as I wished to look. "Would you care to see a lady who has had the treatment that you require?" I was asked. "She is here on her last visit." Of course, I gladly assented to the suggestion. The lady, who was a doctor's wife, had been sent by her husband to have her face lifted. She certainly looked very young and lovely as she entered the room. I was surprised to see no marks or traces where the skin had been tightened. Before I finally decided to be treated myself I saw many other patients who had been rejuvenated with equal success, and was assured that over ten thousand cases had been successfully dealt with.

The room in which the treatment took place was light and airy. There were several glass tables along the walls, on which stood water basins and sterilizers. I was asked to sit in a comfortable chair. An immaculate nurse washed my face with several antiseptic solutions, shaved off a few hairs above my temples, and covered my head and face with sterilized gauze and towels so that only the small section of the skin where the treatment took place was uncovered. In the meantime the specialist and his assistant scrubbed their hands in steaming water and dipped them in a coloured solution.

Miss Anne Dixon, the first woman in England to admit openly in public that she has had her face lifted and the loose skin around her eyes removed.

Then sterilized gowns and rubber gloves were taken out of drums and put on. I was now ready for the lifting.

The nurse then sprayed something on my skin to freeze it. The sensation was rather pleasant, and I believe a local anæsthetic was afterwards injected, and I did not feel that at all. I waited anxiously to know what was going to happen next. Except for a slight pressure of the finger tips and a gentle tightening of the skin I felt nothing. After fifteen minutes I was told one side was finished. All was over in less than an hour, and when I looked in the hand glass, to my delighted astonishment, I could see no cuts or stitches whatever. Upon enquiring I was told by the surgeon that they were all beneath the skin. "This is the last word in surgical technique—a sort of invisible skin mending," he explained.

I also had the loose skin removed from around my eyes within one hour. I have never looked better in my life. The contour of my face and neck is now what it was twenty years ago, and I am more than grateful for the help I have received from this new science. Not even a powerful magnifying glass can reveal a trace of where the skin was removed. I am told that the result will last a lifetime. All my friends were filled with admiration at the change in my appearance, and when I told them the means by which it had been brought about, how easy, painless, and comfortable it all was, I could sometimes see from their expressions that they were thinking of the possibilities of the Hystogen treatment in their own case. I am naturally anxious that every woman who wishes to look her best should learn the facts of my own experience.

I cannot show my gratitude for benefits received better than by having my photograph taken after treatment and inviting any reader of THE BYSTANDER, man or woman, to come and see the results of skin lifting on my own face by previous appointment with the Secretary of the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street, London, W.1. 'Phone, Mayfair 5846.

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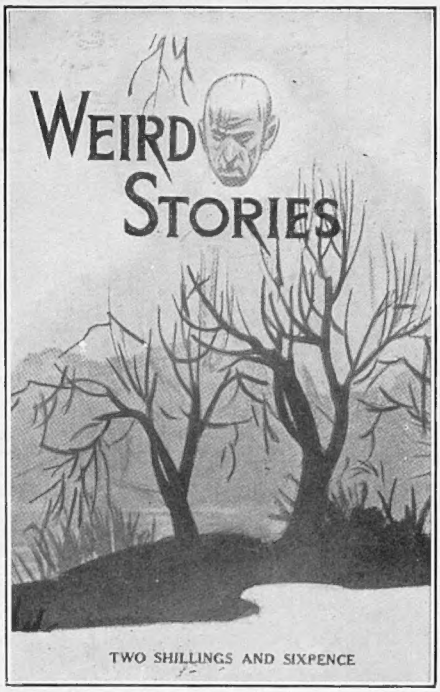

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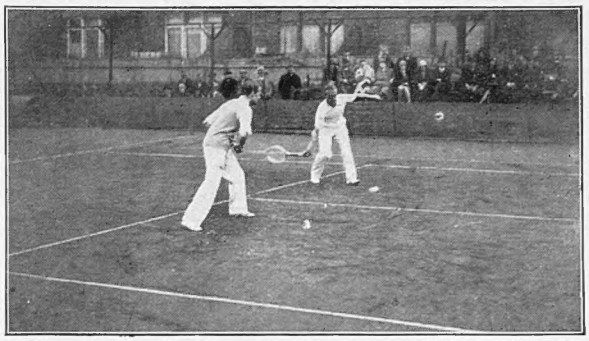

E. Burke (France) and R. Ramillon (France) playing on "En-Tout-Cas" Red Court in the Doubles Finals of the World's Professional Lawn Tennis Championships at Queen's Club, Kensington, October, 1928.

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency Limited.